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THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

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CHAPTER V.

MRS. CALLANAN and her daughter had withdrawn for the night, when Charles ventured to inform his father of the invitation he had received from Frank Moore.

"Would you advise me to go, sir?" said the young man, with a glance of inquiry at his father.

A dark frown flung its shadow over Mr. Callanan's face. "Do you think it an honour to be invited to spend a few weeks at this place?" he scornfully asked.

"No," said Charles; "I even expressed some unwillingness to go at first, and it was only after very urgent solicitation on the part of my friend Frank that I consented; but I cannot help regarding it as a spontaneous act of kindness—indeed, a more generous heart than Frank's does not beat. He is really a splendid fellow."

Mr. Callanan listened to those words in gloomy silence. After an awkward pause, he suddenly shot a piercing glance of displeasure at his son. "What is that you say? Moore's son 'generous!' Moore's son a 'splendid fellow!' Let me not hear such words again, Charles. I know the character of those Moores too well."

Charles gazed at his father with unaffected surprise. "So then you know the family, sir."

"I know what they are—the whole of them," said his father, slowly and bitterly; "a vile set, full of empty pride. Pride!" he muttered, as if in soliloquy; "I'd like to know what have they to be proud of?"

"But you must acknowledge," said Charles, "that a reverence for one's ancestors is a good feeling, to say the least of it. It is something, after all, to say that you have reason to boast of those who went before you."

"Do you mean to tell me," cried Mr. Callanan, with unusual energy in his tone, "that a man has reason to be proud of ancestors who were bad men?"

"I don't think that remark is applicable to the Moores of Moore's Court," said Charles.

"The Moores of Moore's Court! Why do you speak in this way, Charles, of these people? Your education, at least, should have raised you above those vain ideas about birth and race."

"Believe me, sir, I have no such weakness as you seem to imagine concerning those subjects," returned Charles, reminded by his father's words of the contempt he had himself expressed only a few days before, in his conversation with Frank Moore, for the distinctions arising out of birth and position. "Yet, while I consider that every man should be judged according to his individual worth in society, I think the instinct which makes us look back to the deeds of our forefathers is perfectly natural. I can well understand what is meant by nobility of race; though I think the old poet was right who said that virtue was the only true nobility."

"And those Moores are virtuous people, are they not?" cried Mr. Callanan, with bitter irony. "Do you know who they are? They are the descendants of an apostate who preferred a few acres of land to the religion he was born in. You, who are fond of forming such sentimental notions of things, cannot, surely, see anything very noble in that. Since the time of that renegade, there has not been one of those Moores whom I would think worth calling a man."

"But I have heard nothing bad of Sir Annesley Moore, the present baronet," said Charles, who had listened to his father's denunciation of the whole Moore family with the utmost astonishment.

"You are too inexperienced," said Mr. Callanan, coldly; "a mere raw beginner in the work of life. You cannot see the evil of men's hearts. I say, do not trust this Sir Annesley, as he is called, if you go amongst those people—and I do not want to prevent you by any means. I tell you the man cannot be good; for he had a most wicked father—oh, such a wicked man! O God!" he suddenly exclaimed, with a passionate outburst of emotion; "how much ruin that one man wrought by his evil deeds!"

There was something so rare in his father's excitement that Charles was deeply moved, and, at the same time, bewildered. He did not venture to break the silence that followed the words he had just heard. He glanced quickly at his father's face, then

let his eyes fall reflectively on the floor. Suddenly he felt one of his arms grasped vehemently by his father's hand. "You must not mind my excitement, Charles," he said; "I admit it is quite unworthy of a man of business. I feel some things deeply, you see. I suppose most people *do* feel deeply on *some* subject; but I think it is wiser to stifle strong feelings, or, at any rate, to keep them quiet. You think, perhaps, I have spoken too bitterly of these Moores. Some day you may find that I have good cause for speaking bitterly of them: and I don't wish *you* to love them, Charles. This young fellow whom you met at college may seem harmless to you just now; but beware of him too—beware of them all!"

"Would you advise me not to go to Moore's Court at all, then?" Charles asked, after a pause.

"No, I don't want to advise you in that matter one way or the other. I don't see why you shouldn't mix in the very best society; and, though I see nothing to respect in these people, some association with them may teach you some knowledge of the world's ways. If you go there, I say to you, watch their manners—study their characters—but don't imitate them. Mark my words, Charles. They are not in any way your superiors, and the day may come when they will be far below you in the social scale." He paused, and cast at his son a look of restless inquiry, which lasted some minutes; and then his face gradually faded into its habitual expression of sullen impassiveness.

Charles was at a loss to fathom his father's purpose or secret designs. There was a strange, fierce earnestness in Mr. Callanan's manner that filled his son with uneasiness. At length, rising from his seat, the young man grasped his father's hand with a feeling of inexpressible sadness, which he could scarcely explain to himself. For the first time in his life, Charles Callanan felt in all its intensity the mystery of the union which binds a child to its parent—that awful bond of Nature, by which humanity is knit together, and which remains unaltered and eternal, in spite of growth and change and mutual estrangement.

"Good-night, dear father," he said, with such a strange thrill in his voice that Mr. Callanan, who had been sitting with his face turned towards the fire, moodily staring at the rapidly-fading embers, suddenly turned round, and cast upon him a glance in which suspicion and anxiety seemed to be oddly blended. "Don't trouble your head about what I have been just saying to you, Charles," were the words he uttered. "Remember, you must take your place in the world one of these days; so you must not give way to any womanish weakness. Good-night."

It was long past midnight. Retiring hurriedly to his room, Charles flung himself into an arm-chair, and pondered deeply on the scene that had just taken place. It was evident that his

father hated the Moore family with an intense and, at the same time, apparently inexplicable hatred. What did he mean when he said that he had good reason for speaking bitterly of them? Had this feeling arisen out of one of those family feuds which placed such miserable barriers between classes and individuals in Ireland? His father had dwelt with grim satisfaction on the circumstance that the ancestor of Sir Annesley Moore had joined the "Conformists"—those craven Catholics who preferred their property to their faith. But then there were many descendants of such persons even in the city of Cork—one of the most Catholic cities in Ireland; and some of them worthily fulfilled important functions, and were regarded as good members of society. Indeed, such was the moral cowardice of many Catholics in those days, when "Emancipation" was nothing more than a political shibboleth, that Protestantism was generally looked upon as a badge of gentility. Again, Charles had heard from Frank Moore that his mother and sister were Catholics. Frank himself was utterly devoid of all bigotry, and had lately expressed his sympathy with the efforts of O'Connell and Shiel to obtain religious liberty for the majority of the Irish people. Was it likely, then, Charles reasoned with himself, that a man who took such hard, material views of life as his father, could conceive so strong an enmity against the Moores of Moore's Court on account of a difference of creed? In reality, Mr. Callanan systematically spoke of religion as a question which should be left to a man's own conscience. There must be some personal motive to arouse such deep resentment in a mind like his father's, which scoffed at every dictate of sentiment.

At last, wearied and perplexed by vain efforts to solve the problem, Charles tried to shake off all thoughts concerning the subject; and knelt down, according to his usual custom, to breathe forth a few brief prayers. While he knelt, the brooding figure at the fireside flitted before his mind's eye; and his spirit tried to frame a petition to Our Father, who is in Heaven, for that earthly father whose soul was to him such a dark enigma. He prayed, too, for guidance through the darkness and mystery that were beginning to encompass his own life. And let us hope that he prayed not in vain.

Having arisen from his knees, and hastily undressed himself, he hurried into bed; but in vain did he try to forget what he had lately seen and heard. As it usually happens when we seek to force on sleep, he found himself only growing more painfully self-conscious. When our feelings are abnormally excited, the automatic action of the brain sometimes overpowers the will, and seems to kindle all the electric forces of our nature into a state of preternatural excitement. Thus it was that Charles, though his frame was motionless, lived through the scene that had just taken place with an intensity of vision more vivid than

his experience of the actual fact. Moreover, by the piercing light of imagination, he seemed to see into his father's very heart, and watch the passions that worked within its complex mechanism. Is there not a logic of the emotions more subtle than any which the schoolmen can apply? By what faculty does the poet trace, through the dull phenomena around him, the secret springs of the soul from which both the harmonies and discords of human life are evolved? It is by the power of imaginative vision which grasps the unseen, and brings forth the feelings buried in the depths of men's hearts, as the diver brings forth things hidden in the bosom of the boundless sea.

What, then, did Charles see by the intuitive light of his own soul? Neither love nor hate can ever arise without a cause. It is a shallow sophistry to speak of any genuine emotion as the mere whim of an unsophisticated heart. We do not fling our affections on any object without a motive. We do not shrink away in aversion from any fellow-creature merely through an unaccountable caprice. We may not see the cause, because it is hard to understand the secret workings of the soul; but it is idle to deny the existence of a motive impulse. Charles saw that deep and passionate hatred was one of his father's strongest passions; but hatred must arise from some external cause, and according to the potency of the cause must be the intensity of the passion. What is it that arouses fiercest and most implacable hatred? Wrong. How is hatred kept alive and inflamed with almost superhuman energy? By always brooding over the wrong that first kindled it, and treasuring it up in the depths of one's interior consciousness. His father, then, hated these Moores, because in some way he had suffered through them a grievous wrong. Here was the unanswerable riddle! Was it some scheme by which his father had sustained a pecuniary loss? Surely not; for his father's commercial success was a notorious fact, and the gentry knew little and cared less about the dull game of business. Was it some moral outrage which had injured his reputation? It might well be so; for Mr. Vincent Callanan valued reputation highly, as one of the dearest jewels in the crown of shopkeeping morality. Thus reflecting, and eagerly questioning his own restless fancy, until he found his brain becoming weary from excessive tension, Charles fell asleep; and presently he beheld the scenes of his waking hours strangely inverted in his dreams, which seemed, indeed, like a continuation of his actual experiences in a feverish and fantastic form. Sleep is the border-land of Death; and may it not be true that in sleep our souls are often brought nearer to the vision of things which our waking lives can never reveal to us?

It was not, indeed, a pleasant or healthful slumber. A broken and uneasy sleep, rather—an abnormal state of semi-consciousness, in which the sleeper's fancy seemed to be whirled from one

vision into another, like a soul voyaging through a multitude of worlds. How wild and unearthly some of those dreams were! What strange forms flitted through them!—horrible transformations of the living; spectral shadows of the dead. But at last the dreamer found himself again on the hard earth, amid human suffering and sorrow. He imagined that he saw, in a miserable hut, an aged and feeble man dying of want upon a bed of straw. Beside this squalid couch stood the figure of a man, who gazed with a cold, heartless stare at the wretched victim of starvation. "Have you any pity for me?" said the dying man, in the tone of one whose spirit had been utterly broken by suffering.

"None," said a deep, strong voice, which Charles, with dismay, seemed to recognise as his father's; "I have no pity for you. Nature and Fate have made me your undying enemy. An inextinguishable sin has laid its weight of vengeance on my soul." "But you do not know how much I have suffered," said the old man lying on the straw; "you have humbled me enough. I have nothing to lose now but life, and that can only be prolonged a very short time. Pity me and relieve me!" "You ask in vain," said the dark figure, with the stony hardness of Death. "I can no more do a kind action for you than you can undo the crime that has withered my life." As he uttered those words, he raised his hands to his face, and emitted a hollow, unearthly groan.

The sleeper woke up by one of those automatic movements of horror by which we are sometimes startled out of a dream. Gazing wildly around him, Charles Callanan was astonished to see a figure standing by his own bedside with a lighted candle in his hand.

"My God!" he exclaimed, overpowered by the strange resemblance of vision and actual sensation—"how can this be so?"

Mr. Callanan calmly, but with a touch of unusual tenderness in his manner, laid his hand upon his son's head.

"Don't agitate yourself, Charles," he said; "you seem to have had bad dreams?"

"Oh! most horrible, father."

"So it seems. You may be surprised to see me here; I just dropped in as I was going to bed. It is near daybreak."

"Then you remained after I had gone?" cried Charles, with evident surprise.

"Yes," replied his father, with a movement expressive of great weariness, and a strong effort of self-control—"I remained near the fire, thinking."

"You must be very tired and sleepy, father," said the young man; "if it were not for that I would tell you my dream—it was about yourself."

"About me?" said Mr. Callanan, with a strange smile, "what would it profit me to listen to a dream about myself? I don't

put much faith in dreams, you know. I would advise you to follow my example. I hope you may sleep better before we meet again: a few hours at least. Good-night again." He extended his right hand, as though he wished to caress his son's head once more; then drawing it back with a smile of disdain, left the room, carrying the candle in his hand.

On the following morning when Charles came down to breakfast, he found his father seated at the table before him, looking as grave and methodical as if the scenes of the previous night had never occurred. Charles noticed, however, that he seemed more taciturn than usual; and even when Ellie made some piquant allusions to the old Doctor's display of learning on the previous day, he did not exhibit the slightest sign of interest. During the rest of that day Mr. Callanan maintained the same sullen silence, when he appeared in the family circle.

"There is something the matter with papa," said Ellie to her brother, in the evening, when they happened to be alone together. "He speaks even less than usual, and does not seem to care for anything."

"Oh, I dare say he has heavy business to trouble his mind just now," returned Charles, evasively.

"But is it not unnatural for him to appear so very gloomy?" said the girl, who seemed to have rather decided views of her own as regards the fitness of things. "Why, in the name of goodness, does he not sometimes unbend his mind, and talk to us like you or anybody else that cares for other people's feelings?"

Charles laid his hand lightly on his sister's arm with the air of a mentor. "Do not judge him harshly, my dear girl," said he; "you cannot see how many cares weigh down upon his spirit. We must not be too selfish in seeking to have everything our own way in this world."

"Oh! you speak now like a moralizing old bachelor," cried Ellie, whose manner sometimes became a little snappish.

"And you," said Charles, with good-natured sarcasm, "speak like a very cross old maid."

"Oh, how good we are!" exclaimed the young lady, pettishly.

"Oh, how wicked we are!" retorted her brother. "Come, come, Ellie," said he, laying his hand on her shoulder with playful fondness; "don't be so cross. How can you blame papa for being dull, when you are so irritable yourself?"

The impulsive girl threw her arms around her brother's neck, and kissed him. "I know I am very bold," said she; "I was always so. When I was at school, the superioress of the convent said, only for my incurable self-will, I might become a nun."

"But is it incurable, do you think?" said Charles, with some interest. "Do you know? I think not," he added, answering his own question—a bad habit which many educated Irishmen, even at the Bar and in Parliament, fall into very often.

"But we were talking about papa," Ellie resumed. "What I blame him for is that he speaks like one who was never young himself."

"Some people have not had a very happy youth," observed Charles, reflectively; "and when they grow old, they grow sad, I suppose. One thing you must always remember: young people have the future before them, and can 'gather their rosebuds,' or even be satisfied with daisies, if the roses fade; but age has only the Past, with its memories of dead joys and sorrows."

Ellie listened to this outburst without much emotion; for indeed she did not understand her brother's mysticism. When he had finished speaking, she exclaimed, holding up her hands, with a kind of mock-solemnity: "You mean, I suppose, that we all must die some day, Charley. Well, for my part, I hope I sha'n't live to be old. 'Tis horrible to think of it. Oh, dear!" she continued, laughing at a picture that her fancy suddenly conjured up, "to be a dreadful old woman like Dr. Colgan's wife, with a beard (for they say she has a beard, Charley), and a biting tongue that sets the poor Doctor drinking (as we saw him yesterday), and no affection for anything or anybody, and rheumatic pains that everybody is blamed for. Isn't it perfectly disgusting?"

Charles smiled sadly as he listened to this little feminine speech; for he feared that her wishes would be only too literally realized.

"But tell me, Charley," said the girl, in her usual volatile manner, flying from subject to subject, "have you really made up your mind to go to Moore's Court?"

"Almost," said Charles, with a rather abstracted air. "I have already promised Frank Moore that I would go; and, you know, it would not look well to refuse."

"Now that's a mean way of putting it, I think," observed Ellie, who generally managed to say what she thought rather sharply, believing that truth needed no adornment of language. "In the first place, you should not treat people's kindness with indifference; and in the next place, you should be glad to get a few weeks for knocking about after your hard reading at college."

"I dare say you are quite right, Ellie," said Charles thoughtfully; "there is not much kindness going waste in this world, if we are to believe all our elders say of it; so one should make use of the thing whenever he finds it." But Charles saw that his sister spoke in perfect ignorance of his father's strange hatred of the Moores, and accordingly she could not feel how uncertain a pleasure the visit must prove to one in his perplexed state of mind.

Three days after this conversation between the brother and sister, a red-haired, raw-boned rustic, with a leathern bag slung across his shoulders, and mounted on a mule, rode up to the door of Mr. Callanan's establishment, and, looking about him sheepishly, handed a letter to the confidential clerk who happened to be standing outside the office, where he went through the daily

routine of his labours. The clerk, an elderly, close-shaven person, dressed in a long, snuff-coloured coat and drab pantaloons, and wearing a pair of huge spectacles, looked curiously at the superscription, and, half-unconsciously, read it aloud, "For Charles Callanan, Esq."

The red-haired rustic opened his mouth as he saw the clerk methodically inspecting the missive he had brought.

"Give it to him," said this strange-looking messenger, shaking his head at the old clerk very unceremoniously. "Why don't you make haste?"

"I intend to do so immediately," replied the confidential clerk, with an offended air. "I have not to be taught my business by you, my good fellow."

"Well, why don't you do it, then?" said the messenger, with the insolent self-satisfaction of a person who feels his own worth too deeply to care about the feelings of others.

"Are you aware whether an answer is required?" asked the confidential clerk, in the same methodical fashion, and staring at the rustic with a look of stern inquiry.

"Yes; her ladyship tould me to wait for the answer," said the red-haired fellow; "an' if you want to know who I am, I'm 'Patt the Post,' that's what they calls me; but my mother goes by the name of Flaherty, an' my father is dead. So call me Patt Flaherty, if you like, an' tell them to hurry, for the mule has no manners." As if to confirm the truth of this remark, the animal began to kick and rear in a very insubordinate manner.

"Wo-ho, Kitty! you bad baste," cried the postman; "if you don't larn manners, I'll tache you, you bla'guard."

"You're a postman, then, to some private person?" the confidential clerk said, after the manner of a cross-examining counsel.

"'Private person,' is it? bedad, that's cool, at any rate. D'ye mane to call the Moores o' Moore's Court, 'private persons?'"

"Well, let us say, public persons, if you prefer it," said the clerk, with a kind of wooden humour. "Meanwhile you'll wait for the answer."

It happened to be dinner-time when Charles received the letter from the hands of the confidential clerk. His father was in the parlour at the time, and looked on with calm curiosity while his son glanced over the enclosed slip of note-paper. When he had finished the perusal, he asked to see the messenger.

Patt Flaherty, carrying in his hand his battered hat or *caubeen* (to use the vernacular), presented himself on the stairs, and while he made a kind of shuffling bow, and seemed to be busily engaged in trying to dislodge one of the balusters with his foot, looked around very coolly at the general aspect of the house.

"Bedad," he muttered to himself, "'tis the droll story when the Moores is making up with the likes o' ye—castles fallin' and dung-hills risin'."

"If you wait there a moment," said Charles, casting a glance towards the postman, "I'll give you a note."

The letter, which Charles tore open with the utmost haste, was from Lady Moore. It was in the following terms:—

"Moore's Court, June 10, 1828.

"DEAR MR. CALLANAN—May I take the liberty of asking you to come and spend a few weeks or a month, if you should think fit, at our place here? My son, Frank, who is a particular friend of yours, wished me to write to you, as he fears you may forget his invitation. He has only just arrived from Dublin. Pray, write me a short note, if you have time, to say whether you can conveniently come to Moore's Court.

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLOTTE MOORE."

Charles read the letter aloud. Ellie thought it exceedingly nice. Mrs. Callanan simperingly declared it to be "very lady-like." Mr. Vincent Callanan was not so easily pleased with this aristocratic politeness. "I see in this," said he, with bitter sarcasm, "that secret sense of patronage which these people try in vain to hide. They try to make their betters look up to them by treating them with condescension. However, Charles, don't refuse the invitation; of course it would never do. You can leave Cork early next week, if you like."

Thereupon Charles wrote a short note, thanking Lady Moore for her kindness, and promising to leave Cork for Moore's Court early in the following week.

"Charles, if I were you, I would not give that red-haired fellow anything," said Mr. Callanan, as Charles was passing out of the room to hand the note to the messenger.

"Oh! I think I must give him something—a mere trifle," said Charles, deprecatingly.

"As you please," said Mr. Callanan; "but I think 'tis sheer waste of money to give anything to idle hangers-on like that fellow."

Charles, who intended to give the rustic half-a-crown, compromised with his father's injunction by handing the man a shilling. Patt the Post nodded with an air rather of dissatisfaction than of gratitude.

"Is this for carryin' it?" he said, with a mixture of cool effrontery and sheepishness, as he looked in turn at the shilling and at the note.

"Oh! drink my health with it if you like," said Charles, laughing at the fellow's amazing coolness.

"All right," said the postman, as he made his way down-stairs. "Drink his health, *morya*,"* he muttered to himself, as he left the house, and collared the mule, who was becoming very discontented.

* Forsooth.

"What a gentleman he is, to be sure—the ould miser's son! No, faith, Patt, me fine fellow, if you're your mother's son, you'll never descind so low as to drink *his* health, an' on a shillin', too. No, Patt, you know the difference between a gentleman an' an upstart. Come on, Kitty, you lazy baste." Thus apostrophizing, in turn, his noble self and the mule, who seemed indeed to be a kindred spirit, Patt the Post shuffled out of the house; the confidential clerk staring at him in speechless astonishment as he departed.

CHAPTER VI.

MOORE'S Court, the residence of Sir Annesley Moore, Baronet, was a large and irregular but stately-looking mansion, which seemed, like its aristocratic owner, to stand apart from the throng of men in proud isolation. Girdled by a zone of luxuriant woods, it lay, as it were, embosomed in solitude, far from the hum of the busy world, and wrapped in a kind of desolate grandeur, like some island in a vast ocean. The house, which had originally been of moderate proportions, had spread its wings with the growth of centuries, so that, at length, it presented the appearance of a variety of buildings in different styles of architecture, thrown together into one incongruous mass.

In those balmy days before the Union, when the pride and prodigality of the Irish gentry seemed to have marked out for themselves an undying existence, the hospitable roof of Moore's Court had accommodated more than eighty guests, and in its great dining-room, almost as many had sat down together at table. On how many a summer morning had the sound of the huntsman's horn and the wild baying of the hounds sent their deep vibrations through the old mansion—and what a joyous sight it was, in those old days of boisterous merriment, to behold the figures of red-coated gentlemen and blooming dames, in their graceful hunting-ropes, trooping forth in dozens to enjoy the delicious excitement of the chase! But hospitality, like a reckless general, sometimes outruns its resources, and pleasure is sometimes exceedingly expensive. The father of the present baronet, without much of the manly taste that distinguished some of his predecessors, but with vices which demanded even a more enormous waste of money, had considered it necessary to impose on his tenants such a heavy rack-rent that the old popularity of the family began to wane; and the peasantry, who seemed to have hitherto forgotten the descent of their landlords on account of their large-hearted generosity, were now known to whisper darkly to one another, that "the bad blood of the turncoat should show itself at last." Accordingly, when Sir Annesley Moore, the present baronet, came into possession of the estate, he found it so heavily encumbered, that he resolved, while maintaining all the dignity of the ancestral

name, to deviate in some respects from the ancestral customs. Instead of exhibiting large hospitality, he affected a disrelish for society, and rarely entertained more than a few stray visitors at a time. He was especially careful to appear as one of the leading members of the Grand Jury for the county at every successive session of the Cork Assize Courts; and he loved to exercise his functions as a justice of the peace in the neighbouring county town, with a high sense of his own importance to the Government and to society. But though Sir Annesley fondly laid claim to those privileges which his high station accorded him, he refrained altogether from patronizing field sports like his more full-blooded ancestors, and few of the surrounding gentry ever appeared at his board. Even when Frank had mentioned to him that he had asked a young college friend to pay them a brief visit, the baronet at first knitted his brows gloomily; and it was only at the remonstrance of Lady Moore (who had considerable influence over her husband, at least in matters of domestic arrangement) that he assented to the invitation with anything like a good grace. Lady Moore herself, moved, perhaps, by a certain sympathy with one who professed the same faith as herself, as well as by an affection for her only son, went so far as to write the letter to Charles Callanan which Patt the Post had conveyed in the manner described in the last chapter.

A week had just elapsed since the self-complacent postman had returned to Moore's Court with the note, which briefly and courteously expressed that her ladyship's invitation had been gratefully accepted. It was one of those glorious days rarely seen in Ireland, when the warmth of the summer sun is gently subdued by a delicious southern breeze. A flood of golden light, softened into mild radiance by the trees that encircled the old mansion, floated in liquid beams through the oriel windows of the large, old-fashioned drawing-room. At some distance from one another were seated five persons, who seemed to be all moved by that strange sense of expectation which the human countenance expresses, perhaps, with more vividness than many stronger and subtler emotions.

Reclining on a large, cushioned easy chair, with legs crossed and hands fitfully caressing his knees, sat a florid-looking man of about fifty, whose powdered hair and well-arranged queue gave him rather a formal and antiquated look. His features, though well-cut, were by no means strikingly handsome. His lips were rather artificially compressed; and the general expression of his face might, perhaps, be best described as one of conscious dignity. It need scarcely be observed that this was the baronet himself.

Not far from the place where Sir Annesley thus reclined at his ease, sat a lady; a beautiful, middle-aged brunette, whose dark face and intensely black eyes bespoke some mixture of Castilian blood. In the proud, firm mouth, one might trace a capacity for

strong and passionate feeling; but the general aspect of the lady's face showed that, with her, emotion had long been merged in a deep and sacred sense of duty. Lady Moore was the only child of an Irish gentleman, who having lived some years in Spain, and there married the daughter of a proud but penniless hidalgo, had returned to Ireland with his beautiful young wife, shortly after his marriage. The poor lady died in childbirth; and thus in finding a daughter he lost a wife. The last request of the Spanish lady on her death-bed had been that he should educate the child in the Catholic religion; and, though a Protestant himself, the gentleman, with a fidelity which, unfortunately, experience has shown to be very rare in such cases—moved too, no doubt, by a devotion to the memory of one so early “loved and lost”—rigidly adhered to his promise. The potency of nature, assisted by religious influences, over the artificial training of society, was shown in the development of the girl's mind and frame. She had the same dark, passionate features as her mother, whose face she had never seen, whose voice she had never heard; she had also the same quickness of temperament and deep sensibility. While yet a minor, and during the lifetime of his father, Sir Annesley Moore had met her at the house of a certain Catholic gentleman, who by avoiding all the political warfare of that turbulent period, had maintained a kind of intimacy with some of his Protestant neighbours. They were both about the same age, and young Moore being at that time fresh from college, and as yet free from that spirit of worldliness which in most cases grows with advancing years, fell in love with the fair Catholic maiden. The girl, naturally susceptible, and hitherto almost entirely estranged from the society of any member of the sterner sex, save her father, soon returned the affection which the young man openly avowed; and, despite some slight objections on the part of the parents on both sides, consent was eventually given, and they were married. To say that this union turned out a very happy one, would, perhaps, be a breach of literal truth; yet the strength of early affection never wholly lost its power; and notwithstanding the occasional bitterness with which Sir Annesley spoke of his wife's faith, he permitted her to bring up her daughter a Catholic, and never directly interfered with the practice of her religious duties. In reality, the baronet was not a very rigid votary of Protestantism; for, like many of his class in those days, he regarded religion merely as the sentimental colouring of a man's political opinions. He argued with himself that, as his wife's father had been a Protestant and her mother a Spaniard, her faith had very little reference to the political circumstances of the country, and need not, therefore, be any cause of alarm.

Meanwhile, let us take a glance at the occupant of a chair immediately opposite Lady Moore's. An old lady sitting with rigid erectness, dressed with a puritanic affectation of plainness, almost

amounting to shabbiness, and expressing by the solemn gravity of her face and manner a stern consciousness of her own profound piety. As if to show by more striking proof her zeal in the cause of religion, or (as she loved to term it) "evangelism," this lady held in her hand an open copy of the highly entertaining and authentic work known as Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and only looked up now and then—always thereby exhibiting a pair of large spectacles—when she heard some remark congenial to her own peculiar tastes. This old lady was Miss Deborah Moore, an elder sister of Sir Annesley, and of late the gloomy stimulator of his dormant conscience. Of late years, it seems, she had become possessed of the idea that her brother was losing whatever modicum of faith (or, as she phrased it, "the evangelical spirit") he possessed before his marriage, and so she felt herself inspired to effect his "regeneration"—for Aunt Deborah (as she was called by her niece) could never speak of religion in any terms but the most rigidly scriptural. Whether an early disappointment, which had blasted her matrimonial prospects, had anything to do with the vigorous character of her devotion, it would not be easy to determine; but certain it is that the odious tyranny, gross vices, and irreligious tendencies of men were subjects on which she loved to dilate. She also felt a special delight in talking about the unhappiness of her younger sister (fifteen years her own junior), who had married, as Aunt Deborah expressed it, "a God-forsaken sot." But this was a topic which she found rather dangerous to broach in Sir Annesley's presence. Somebody has said somewhere, with more sarcasm than gallantry, that much of the philanthropy and religious enthusiasm exhibited by certain ladies in the nineteenth century might be logically traced to a breach of promise of marriage; and some suspicious circumstances in the case of Aunt Deborah seem to show that this harsh hypothesis may sometimes be founded on fact. Those who remembered the days of her youth could tell how she had often shed tears over letters scrawled in a rough masculine hand, and had been known to speak of "love" as a thing that was not to be despised. But the ruthless hand that penned those exciting words, ere the lapse of many years, dared to pen a different kind of letter to the old baronet (now dead and gone), saying that he was unable to go through the marriage service with his interesting daughter, as he had just performed a similar feat for the benefit of another lady. And, indeed, Miss Deborah's disappointment did not pass without a storm; for Sir Valentine Moore replied to this epistle by a curt note briefly demanding from the "traitor" *the satisfaction of a gentleman*; and a duel had actually taken place in which a part of the traitor's body was pierced by a bullet, though, it might be added, the shot did not prove quite fatal, and the traitor—who was a Captain Somebody or other in a crack dragoon regiment—afterwards fought in the Peninsular war and died very gallantly on the fatal field of Corunna. This was the turning-

point in Miss Deborah's career. Since the date of the duel she had devoted herself to a career of celibacy and puritanism. She ceased to look on life from a romantic point of view, devoted herself to a daily perusal of the Scriptures, having resolved to read no book which was not of the true evangelical type. She entered into a correspondence with a luminary known as the Reverend Ebenezer Clegg, who filled her scrupulous mind with grave doubts as to the orthodoxy of the Established Church, and ultimately brought her very far on the road to Methodism. At present, though she attended the Protestant service held at the local church, she practised many of the religious exercises recommended by Wesley, and was an earnest believer in personal inspiration. Poor Aunt Deborah! who can fail to pity you, doomed to lose the golden pomegranates of life and to fly from the unrealized dreams of young romance to the sour fanaticism of a soulless creed?

Two other ladies, both young and interesting, sat very close to Aunt Deborah.

One of them was a girl of only seventeen summers—taller than most girls of her age, with dark features, like those of Lady Moore, but with little of her mother's plastic beauty. She wore a light summer dress, and her rich black hair was simply fastened from behind with a riband. There was little timidity about this girl's face and manner. She seemed like one who felt within her a sense of conscious power; one who loved dominion, and knew that she could rule; one who would not descend from the lofty summit of her station, or the loftier pedestal of her strong ambition, to mingle in the dull drudgery of common life. Whenever she spoke to the young lady beside her, her tone of patronizing respect seemed to insist on, and, as it were, to *italicize*, their difference of rank.

The young lady thus respectfully patronized was, apparently, about three years elder; a young lady rather below the middle height, with a finely-shaped head, and a face of mild, but eloquent, expression—a face and head, indeed, that were the living incrustations of *mind*. She was dressed in modest black, tastefully, but with the minute expressiveness of one who does not look on mourning as a mere fashion; and, indeed, her costume seemed to complete the settled aspect of quietude which was visible in her whole manner and demeanour.

It would not be difficult to guess, notwithstanding the air of patronage, that the two stood in the relation of teacher and pupil; for the quiet young lady in black seemed to direct the other by her very looks and modest gestures, though the girl with the rich black hair did not accept her tutelage very submissively. Miss Rose Moore, Sir Annesley's only daughter, had been brought up at home by the special wish of her mother, who felt a strange desire to keep the girl always near her, as if—remembering the sad history of the past—she feared that even

the slightest change of place might have a fatal result. A succession of governesses had been employed in directing the education of this haughty girl; but, though she had from her earliest youth evinced a daring and subtle grasp of intellect, she refused to submit to the control of her instructresses, declaring that it was their office to teach, and not to govern her. The present governess, Miss Quain—the lady with the intellectual face—had only been in Moore's Court two years when this story opens; and, to the intense delight of Rose's mother, the girl conceived such a strong attachment towards her new teacher, that she consulted her about everything, and confided to her some of her most secret thoughts and feelings. Yet was she exceedingly careful to point out by many of those little distinctions of manner, so clear to the feminine mind, that their stations were quite different, and equality between them impossible. Small need had Rose, however, to mark so forcibly the social barriers between herself and the new governess; for Miss Quain seemed to realize her position with an intense and even painful consciousness, while in her entire demeanour and appearance she looked the very soul of humility. Who knows whether it was not the "humility of pride?"

"Where has Frank gone?" asked Sir Annesley, looking at her ladyship with a sort of uneasy curiosity.

"It seems he has sauntered down to the road, expecting to meet his new friend," observed Lady Moore.

"I really think that was rather a needless sacrifice on his part," said the baronet, with a certain stiffness of manner.

"He told me they were very dear friends at college," said her ladyship, as if she were trying to give an amiable colour to her son's impulsive warmth.

"Those dear friendships have seldom much grace about them," Miss Deborah Moore remarked, in a solemn voice, and slowly raising her spectacled eyes from the page of Fox, on which they had been resting.

"Grace!" repeated Sir Annesley, with a look of shrewd irony in the direction of his sister. "I was not aware, Deborah, that you cared very much for outward appearances."

"Oh! I did not mean 'grace' in that sense," retorted the old lady, rather angrily. "I think, Annesley, if you read your Bible more frequently and more fervently, you would know better what I intended to convey by the word."

"Oh! probably you mean *regeneration*," said the baronet, with a concealed irony in his tone.

"Yes, Annesley, I do mean regeneration, which means a renewal of the spirit by the light of grace," exclaimed his sister, with freezing emphasis; "and it is a thing some persons need very badly, I can tell you." After which outburst she cast down her eyes on the book once more; and, having adjusted her spec-

tacles, which had got displaced during this exhibition of zeal, she seemed to grow more absorbed than ever in the history of the "Martyrs."

"I suppose Frank's friend is to be soon here, mamma?" said Rose Moore, glancing inquiringly at her mother.

"I am inclined to think so," replied Lady Moore—"probably in good time for dinner."

"It would scarcely do to keep dinner waiting on his account, mamma," said Rose, with her usual air of *hauteur*.

Lady Moore looked at her daughter with some displeasure. Sir Annesley, who did not seem to observe anything abnormal in his daughter's words, looked at his watch. "It is very close to the time, then," said he, with judicial calmness.

Meanwhile Miss Quain, who had moved aside her chair noiselessly towards one of the drawing-room windows, was gazing out with some appearance of interest. Suddenly she cried—

"Ah! I see a car coming up the lower road—that, I believe, is the road from Cork?"

Lady Moore rose hastily from her seat, and walked towards the window beside which the governess sat. With an instinctive movement, Rose Moore seemed also about to rise, but suddenly repressed herself, as if she did not wish Miss Quain to think that she could possibly have any curiosity to see the stranger.

"Yes," said Lady Moore, 'tis our visitor; and see! Frank has met him, and the car has stopped. They are shaking hands now."

"A car!" cried Rose, with a slight sneer; "a gentleman would certainly have come in a carriage."

"Do you regard that as the test of a gentleman?" asked Miss Quain, with her quiet smile.

"I believe there are many things by which one may recognise a gentleman," replied the girl, energetically; "and I suppose I may use my own judgment on that matter, at least, Miss Quain?"

"Oh! as you please," said the governess, with composure, though there was the slightest possible tremor in her voice.

"I did not mean to offend you, Miss Quain, believe me," said Rose, rising, and, with a softened look, laying her hand on the shoulder of the governess. Even in this act of kindness one might trace a patronizing air.

"Really, Rose," said her mother, who still remained standing near the window, "you are a very strange girl. Why do you give expression to your judgments so hastily?"

"But I don't like hypocrisy, mamma," Rose returned.

"Oh! you confuse two distinct things, child," said Lady Moore; "discretion is not hypocrisy."

"As far as I can see," said the girl, boldly, "discretion seems to be a sort of moral cowardice."

"I think that is one of the usual mistakes of youth," the governess remarked, in a low tone.

Just as she spoke, the sound of footsteps was heard without, and the next minute Frank Moore entered, leading his friend, whom he briefly introduced to his father and mother.

"Ah!—very happy, indeed, to make your acquaintance, Mr. Callanan," said the baronet, blandly, but with a little pomposity in his manner. "You are just in time for dinner."

"I dare say he has no objection to it by this time," said Frank, in his careless way.

"Well, I have had rather a long drive," Charles observed, with a smile; "and the country air does certainly seem to stimulate one's appetite."

"We are most happy to meet such a dear friend of Frank," said Lady Moore, courteously extending her hand. "Allow me, Mr. Callanan, to introduce you to Miss Moore, Sir Annesley's sister."

Miss Moore only bowed stiffly, and looked at the young man from head to foot through her spectacles, as a naturalist might inspect a new specimen of the animal kingdom in a museum.

"And also to my daughter, Ro—" Lady Moore hesitated, feeling that the mention of her daughter's Christian name and the repetition of the more general name were both equally awkward—"My daughter, Miss Moore." With the instinctive warmth of his nature, Charles extended his hand, when, to his surprise, the girl stared at him for a few seconds, then, almost automatically, laid her right hand in his.

"This is Miss Quain, Miss Moore's governess."

The governess, with tranquil courtesy, put out her hand immediately, and Charles glanced at her with some curiosity. The unaffected kindness and graceful repose of her manner struck him as the essence of true ladyhood.

The dinner-bell rang. "Let us go," said Lady Moore, leading the way. As they left the drawing-room, "You have met Mr. Callanan somewhere before?" Rose said, in a suggestive fashion, to the governess.

"Never!" returned Miss Quain, blushing slightly.

The dinner would have been an excellent one had the cookery been only averagely good; but this was a very frequent shortcoming in the domestic life of the Irish aristocracy of the period.

"You ought to turn that cook away, mamma," Rose suggested, in an imperious way.

"Oh! we must be patient," said Lady Moore, who inwardly felt that her daughter's manner was a little too dictatorial.

"I suppose you are not going in for any profession, Mr. Callanan?" said the baronet.

Charles paused. "I think not, Sir Annesley."

"Well, now, that is rather strange," the baronet observed, a little thoughtfully.

"Oh, his father is richer than many of the landlords," said Frank, with a shrewd glance at his friend's face.

"You mean the *gentry*, Frank," said the suggestive Miss Rose.

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" cried her brother; "where's the difference?"

"There is a difference," said Rose, testily.

"Well, I don't see it, I must confess," returned Frank.

"A man who buys land may become a landlord; he cannot become a gentleman, unless he is one before." As she spoke, Rose looked strangely at Charles Callanan, who appeared to be deeply abstracted. He was thinking over the conversation that had taken place, on that memorable night, between himself and his father.

"What do you think, Mr. Callanan?" inquired Rose Moore.

"I believe it is impossible to define the word *gentleman*," said he. "People generally form arbitrary notions as to its meaning."

"Oh, you're a logician, I suppose," the girl remarked; "perhaps you could define it for us?"

"Oh, logic is almost useless in this instance, Miss Moore," said Charles. "You and I might take different standards of what is called 'gentility,' and so we might be talking of two different things when we use the same expression. You may have seen in Boswell's Life of Johnson how that great man—probably judging by the morals of his own day—declared the *gentleest* characters to be the most *immoral*."

"Johnson was a boor," exclaimed Rose.

"He was a man of great intellect and sound judgment," said the governess.

"But he was an uncouth fellow, for all that," the baronet observed.

"Yes, certainly," said Frank Moore. "I remember Byron called him 'rough Johnson.'"

"Well, then, if we take some other standard of gentility we are as greatly puzzled," said Charles. "In Richardson's 'Clarissa,' Lovelace is a very genteel and, at the same time, a very wicked character. Charles the Second's Court was, perhaps, the most immoral in Europe, and yet he has been lauded by some as a fine gentleman. It has been said that Lord Chesterfield, in his Letters, gives precepts to his son whereby he may unite vice and the graces."

"But is there not a distinction between being *genteel* and being a *gentleman*?" persisted Rose. "We may regard the use of 'genteel' as a vulgarism; may we not, Miss Quain?"

"Perhaps," said the governess, with an embarrassed air.

"It is a matter of daily observation," Lady Moore remarked, "that some people who are proud of being called *genteel* are full of vulgarity."

"No doubt," said Charles. "pretence is always a mark of vulgarity."

"What, then, is the exact opposite to vulgarity, Mr. Callanan?" asked Rose.

"Good-breeding, I suppose," replied Charles; "and there are certain traits which may be said to be invariable signs of good-breeding. They are easily recognised: we may observe them in dress, in the tones of the voice, in the absence of all insolence and assumption"—here he watched the expression of her face closely—"and, above all, in the sensitive delicacy with which we regard the feelings of others. In a word, the root of all true good-breeding is kindness tempered by judgment."

"You seem to be a clever theorist," said the girl, with a slightly sceptical air; "but do you not think that birth and early associations have very much to do with good-breeding?"

"Assuredly," replied Charles; "and those who have always enjoyed the advantages of fortune and education have reason to thank Providence."

"Providence has something to do with everything, under the Christian dispensation," Aunt Deborah here interposed.

"Oh! you're always confusing religion with everything else, Aunt Deborah," said Rose, somewhat impatiently.

"And you should not use the sacred name of religion so glibly, madam," retorted Aunt Deborah. "When I was your age——" here she paused abruptly.

"I suppose, aunt, at that time you were not so sanctimonious as at present," said Rose, maliciously.

"Oh! you must excuse Rose, Mr. Callanan," said Lady Moore, who had been an amused listener, but now considered that things were going too far; "she has some very wild notions. I hope she may change them yet."

"I don't care to assent to notions which I know to be absurd," was Rose's self-confident explanation.

Charles Callanan could scarcely help regarding this strange, proud girl, strong in her ambitious youth and daring self-reliance, with something like admiration. In her very *brusquerie* there was a dauntless freedom of spirit that was surely some germ of latent nobleness in a character as yet almost wholly unformed.

"In some respects I agree with Miss Moore's views," he said, glancing from Rose to her mother; "but I think she has yet to learn that it is nobler to sympathize with the cause of humanity than to confine one's mind to the narrow isolation of a class. The time may yet come when refinement, like virtue, may be possible for all—when the sun of universal freedom shines equally on all; and when caste—that most degrading of all human institutions—may be extinguished for ever."

"Why, these are revolutionary doctrines," cried Sir Annesley, who felt that such theories, if put into practice, would soon destroy his own self-importance.

"I admire your eloquence, but I don't agree with you," said Rose.

"We shall see you again to-night, I hope, Mr. Callanan?" her ladyship said, as she rose to leave the room.

"With the utmost pleasure," returned Charles, as her ladyship passed smilingly out; Aunt Deborah, Rose, and Miss Quain following her into the drawing-room.

"I suppose, Mr. Callanan, you don't carry your social theories so far as to object to our old after-dinner customs?" the baronet asked, with a touch of irony.

"Certainly not," returned Charles; "always provided—a provision, I am sure, quite needless in the present instance—that there is proper moderation."

The baronet smiled rather contemptuously. "Oh! I have been toned down a little since I was a young man," said he. "You, however, seem to be a perfect model of propriety."

Charles reddened, but did not reply to the last observation.

"I know him, father, and whenever he requires a character, I can give it to him—eh, Charley?" said Frank, with a humorous glance towards his brother-collegian.

"Come, then," said Sir Annesley, raising his glass—"a toast: 'a true aristocracy always for Ireland!'"

"A '*true* aristocracy,'" Charles repeated, with a quiet emphasis on the adjective; and they all drank the toast.

"No country can advance without an aristocracy," said Frank Moore.

"You forget the case of America," Charles suggested.

"Oh! you may be sure an aristocracy—I don't say it is a very good specimen, but some kind of an aristocracy—is growing up in America," said Sir Annesley. "Besides, take the case of France. The people, with a fiendish delight in the destruction of the nobles, tried to abolish all social distinctions. Did they succeed? Why, you know how the whole of that miserable revolution only paved the way for a greater despot—Napoleon."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Frank; "that cry of '*le peuple*,' raised by Rousseau and others, turned out to be an utter absurdity. Such things are always delusions."

"To some extent that is true," said Charles; "anarchy is not a good cure for despotism. But sometimes, for the good of humanity, tyrants must be taught a terrible lesson; and if you only imagine the condition of the French people before the revolution, governed by a system of despotism as cruel as it was refined, oppressed by overwhelming taxes, half starved by manufactured famines, treated more like beasts of burden than human beings—and that in a country more favoured by Providence than any other on the face of the earth—you can scarcely wonder at the horrors of that horrible time. Nay, how can you help regarding this revolt of humanity against the vilest oppression as an awful retribution, whose course could no more be stayed than the flood that of old rushed down from Heaven?"

Sir Annesley looked at Charles Callanan keenly. He saw that the young man's face had grown flushed, and his manner vehement. The words had been spoken with the impetuous warmth of youth ; but despite their rhetorical clink, there was a true eloquence underlying them, which struck the baronet as a dangerous quality in young Callanan.

"Perhaps it is not wise for you to indulge very much, Mr. Callanan," said Sir Annesley, with ill-concealed bitterness in his tone—"you are too excitable."

"You should not take what Charles says too literally, sir," Frank expostulated. "He is naturally eloquent, and loves to cap a climax. How often have I heard him declaim, like a modern Demosthenes, at the dear old 'Historical !'"

His explanation did not seem to soothe Sir Annesley's spirit. He lapsed into silence, and after a short and ineffectual attempt to resume the conversation, they returned to the drawing-room.

As they entered, the ladies seemed to be engaged in a very warm discussion, and Charles recognised the harsh voice of Aunt Deborah, who was solemnly exclaiming—

"I prefer the use of the word *godliness*, because religion is a term easily profaned. And I must say that true godliness is rarely found in these degenerate days."

"I fear you would not render religion very attractive, aunt, if its propagation depended on you alone," said Rose Moore. Sir Annesley, who always disliked his sister's ebullitions of pietism, remarked that this kind of discourse would lead to no good result. But Aunt Deborah had mounted her hobby, and was determined to ride it even to the death. "Ah," she cried, "it is this ungodly indifference on the part of the leaders of the people that makes the Evil Spirit so rampant. This country, so long defiled by the errors of Popery, would be long since regenerated but for this absence of evangelical zeal."

"You forget that mamma and I are Papists," said Rose ; "it is not very likely that you can 'regenerate' us in this fashion."

"Ah ! when the great ones of the land forget the light of the Gospel, infidelity is at hand," cried Aunt Deborah, who was evidently determined to aim a dart at her brother.

"God forbid that the aristocracy of this country should become a set of Methodist preachers," cried Rose, vehemently, but without at all losing her self-possession.

"The Methodists have much of the true evangelical spirit," said Aunt Deborah ; "and Wesley has certainly been sent by Divine Wisdom to quicken those hearts which are as hard as the nether millstone."

"Not very long since," Charles interposed, "I happened to read a very thoughtful essay on this subject by a gentleman who is a minister of the Established Church."

"Oh! the Established Church, like the Church of Rome in former days, requires reform," cried Aunt Deborah.

"This is a dangerous doctrine, Deborah," said the baronet, "and I want to advise you not to be too liberal in giving utterance to it. The 'Establishment' is a part of the British Constitution."

"But, pray tell us, Mr. Callanan," Rose inquired, with some curiosity, "what was the nature of this essay?"

"It was in the form of an article contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* by the Rev. Sydney Smith," said Charles; "perhaps you have read some of his writings already?"

"No," said Rose, thoughtfully.

"Oh! he's an excellent fellow," suddenly exclaimed Sir Annesley. "I met him once in Dublin and could not help admiring him. Since I have given up going into society, I've lost sight of him. I heard a few days ago that he had been appointed canon of some place or other. He's too much of a Whig for my taste; but in society he's charming."

"Well, the Rev. Sydney Smith says that the real cause of Methodism is 'the facility of mingling human errors and the fundamental truths of religion.' He quotes numerous examples from a book on the subject, from which it appears that the most ridiculous notions about a special providence are entertained by persons of this sect. A Methodist magazine tells how a man who had made an arrangement for a cock-fight at the time of a Methodist service was struck dead on the same day and *exactly at the time* he had fixed for the cock-fight. Again, a passage is quoted from a publication called the *Evangelical Magazine*, where it is described how a clergyman was struck dead for simply playing at cards. Dancing, too, is condemned by these religionists as 'incompatible with genuine repentance' and true devotion to God."

"It is very absurd, indeed," cried Rose.

"The writer's conclusion," Charles went on, "is that this kind of fanaticism, when it becomes too stupid and too purulent to be endured, will—unless society be guarded against it—have exactly the same evil effects as the old Puritan movement: a reaction against the influence of all religion."

"He thinks, then, that Puritanism led to the licentiousness of the times after the Restoration?" Miss Quain quietly observed.

"Exactly," returned Charles.

"This is simply blasphemy," said Aunt Deborah, glaring through her spectacles at Charles, with an air of fierce denunciation.

"Well, we've had enough of this theology," cried the baronet, with an air of one who felt a tendency to fall asleep.

"I am not one who loves controversy overmuch," said Charles.

"It bores one dreadfully," was Frank's candid observation.

"Your views on religion, Mr. Callanan, are somewhat more

rational than your social theories," said the baronet, suppressing a yawn, as he glanced at Charles.

"To-morrow let us go and explore the surrounding country," cried Frank. "Will you come with us, Rose?"

"If Miss Quain would accompany us," Rose returned, with that unconscious prudery which seems after all to be instinctive in every female heart.

"I am at your service," the governess quietly observed. And so they parted for the night.

(To be continued.)

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

PART II.

THE Abbé Dupanloup's functions were not restricted to catechizing at the Madeleine, preaching at St. Sulpice, St. Roch, or Notre Dame, or forming young seminarists. In the direction of consciences, as well as in the direction of studies, he exercised a salutary and profound influence over contemporary society, owned by all who heard, read, or approached him. "In friendly or paternal counsel," writes one who knew him intimately, "he had the penetrating unction, the exquisite gentleness of a Francis de Sales, and the firmness, righteous severity, and masculine language of a Bossuet. In religious intercourse no priest ever spoke with more charity, with more winning tenderness to men seeking the light, and ready to detest their early faults. He loved, and inspired the love of, goodness: it was a mysterious interchange of divine grace between the heart of the devoted priest and that of the penitent. In a word, he had the art of conquering souls to Jesus Christ." It was he, a young priest of thirty-six, whose mission had hitherto been chiefly among innocent children—human counterparts of those pure spirits of whom the inspired writer says that "they continually see the face of God"—and studious youth, set apart for the service of the sanctuary; it was he, of all the Paris clergy, who, in May, 1838, was selected by Mgr. de Quélen to hear the death-bed confession of Talleyrand, and receive from the hands of the octogenarian statesman, who had so long astounded and scandalized the world, and taken such a prominent part in public affairs under the first Republic, the Empire, and the Restoration, the written retraction of his errors. It was the dying injunction of Cardinal de Périgord, Archbishop of Paris, to his coadjutor and successor, to use every endeavour to bring about the conversion of his too-famous

nephew; and faithfully and zealously did Mgr. de Quélen fulfil the solemn trust. "Take my life, O my God! but grant me his soul!" was his frequent and fervent prayer. "I know," said the old diplomatist, smiling, "that the archbishop wants to gain my soul to present it to the Cardinal." The prince's niece, Madame de Dino, and her daughter, spoke to him of God and the future life, put religious works in his way, withdrew him as much as possible from the society of his sceptical friends, and otherwise fostered that penitential disposition which first manifested itself in his eulogium on Reinhard, in which he intimated that when he had passed from the sacred duties of the Church to the worldly duties of the diplomatic circles, he had not deviated so much from religious feelings and occupations as was generally supposed; at the same time drawing up a codicil to his will declaring "that he desired to die in the bosom of the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church," and preparing an exposition of his life, to be added thereto, with a view to publication. It is related that the presence of a child, clad in white, who came to kneel by his bedside to ask his blessing previous to going to her first communion, awakened in the mind of the dying man reminiscences of youthful purity and innocence, which had no little share in determining him to receive the ministrations of a priest. "On his eighty-fourth birthday," narrates a writer in *Frazer's Magazine* (March, 1839), "he had his first interview with the Abbé Dupanloup. The abbé presented him with the *Journée du Chrétien* of Bossuet, and *Christianity presented to Men of the World* by Fénelon. The conversations of De Talleyrand with the abbé were not, however, without interest. On one occasion he expressed his horror of sudden death, and reproached one of his friends, who had intimated his desire to die as by a thunderbolt: '*Mourir d'un coup de foudre!*' said Talleyrand; '*c'est horrible!*' On another occasion he recalled to the recollection of the abbé the celebrated words of Montlosier, pronounced before the Constituent Assembly:—'It is a Cross of Wood that saved the world!' The abbé asked him if these words were really pronounced by M. de Montlosier. 'Yes, certainly,' he replied; 'I was present, and the impression was extraordinary. We were twelve hundred there, and the tribunes were full. When the orator pronounced those words, not a single token of applause was heard; but all breathing was suspended. It was not till he had finished his phrase, and even until some moments had afterwards elapsed, that we breathed again.' About fifteen days prior to his death he wrote with his own hand a communication to the Archbishop of Paris, containing two documents—the first the draft of a letter to the Pope, containing a declaration of his sentiments, and the second a projected retraction, in two pages quarto, which served as the basis of the final act he signed on the 17th of May. An inflammatory tumour, or

anthrax, essentially gangrenous, attacked him in the beginning of May; and on the 11th he submitted with courage to an operation in the lower part of the back. He then enquired of the doctors if he could be cured. They counselled him to set his house in order, for that he must die, and not live. Royer-Collard, who was much in the apartment of De Talleyrand during his last days, said, on one occasion, 'he cannot refuse, he will not refuse, to make his peace with God before he dies.' When this observation was repeated to the dying man, he exclaimed, 'I do not refuse—I do not refuse.' It was the cry of a penitent soul, wrung with remorse and trembling on the verge of eternity; grace had triumphed over fallen nature; and the Abbé Dupanloup could declare that he had rarely seen a more complete repentance. "On the 17th of May, 1838," records Baron Henrion, in his *Life of Mgr. de Quélen*, "in presence of the Abbé Dupanloup, whom Providence had destined to be the faithful co-operator, and even the direct instrument of this celebrated conversion; in presence of several witnesses, among whom were MM. de Barante, Molé, Royer-Collard, and Saint-Aulaire, the prince signed at six in the morning a formula of retraction, addressed to the Pope, and an accompanying letter to the Archbishop of Paris." He wished to die "*en Chrétien*;" and, under God, he owed it to the Abbé Dupanloup, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it," and that his death was more in conformity with the old device of the Périgords*—*Re que Diou*—than the long misspent years that preceded it. Mgr. Dupanloup, some years ago, was induced to refer to this remarkable incident in his career, and he did so, it is observed, with a noble reserve: his words are the disinterested testimony of the principal witness, and on that account will be treasured by history. "Since I have mentioned the four bishops who had the misfortune to forget their duty in the day of peril," said he at the close of his letter to the *Constitutionnel* on Mgr. Rousseau, "I shall say that he who died the last, he whose more deplorable errors, deeper fall, longer and more celebrated life are in everybody's memory, was also touched by the hand of divine mercy in his last hour. I have received his last sigh, and it is known that before appearing before God—and he had not even postponed it to that supreme day—he deplored his life, blamed the Revolution, and condemned the acts of his sad episcopate." When Royer-Collard met the Abbé Dupanloup after this memorable sick-call, he grasped his hand and said, "Monsieur l'Abbé vous êtes un prêtre!" The Parisians, however, with the scepticism born of their ineradicable *légèreté*, disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, the conversion of Talleyrand, which

* The Talleyrand-Périgords were a family of Sovereign Counts, one of the most ancient houses in France.

some witling of the time made the subject of the following not very reverential quatrain :—

“ Il a trompé du même coup
(Si ce n'est vrai, c'est vraisemblable),
Le bon Dieu, le monde et le diable,
Et de Quelen et Dupanloup.”

The zealous priest, henceforward destined for the mitre, carried with him in his numerous journeys—for he was a great traveller, and could read, study, or despatch some pressing affair in a railway carriage as rapidly and collectedly as if he were quietly seated in his library at Viroflay—an interesting memento of the event which signalized his early ministry: a large, gold-mounted, morocco-leather bag, rudely repaired by a Savoy farrier. Many times, it is said, his friends thought of replacing this big portfolio by a more modern and more suitable valise. “I set a great value upon that,” he would say; “it was in that portfolio Talleyrand brought us despatches from Vienna, Clèves, and Neufchâtel.”

After the Voltaire explosion at the Sorbonne, the indignant professor went to Rome, whither he had accompanied Mgr. de Quelen, several years before, was greeted with marked favour by the Sovereign Pontiff and the principal patrician families, notably the Borghese, at whose palace he was a welcome guest; and had the happiness of receiving into the Church at San Andrea delle Frati the miraculously converted young Israelite, M. Ratisbonne (now Père Ratisbonne, who in a touching letter recently recalled the incident), stopping *en route* at Turin to receive the cordial hospitality of the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, who vainly strove to induce him to quit France, in order that he might have him at his court as preceptor of the Crown-Prince, or placed over one of the principal sees in his kingdom. M. Dupanloup refused this brilliant offer with the same indifference to honours which had led him to refuse the parish of Notre Dame des Victoires, the administration of which the venerable curé, M. Desgenettes, entreated him to assume, and St. Sulpice, tendered him by the archbishop, and “modestly returned to Paris, to lead his busy, laborious, difficult life.” And when at length, in April, 1849, the see of Orleans became vacant through the death of Mgr. Fayet, suddenly carried off by the cholera, he resisted the most pressing solicitations to accept it, and it needed nothing less than a positive order from ecclesiastical authority to overcome his reluctance. “I call heaven to witness,” he declared, with sincere emotion, to a sympathetic auditory, from the pulpit of St. Sulpice, “if ever man desired less the grandeurs of the world and the splendours of the priesthood, it is he who abases himself this moment before God!” He was nominated on April 16, preconised at Portici on September 28, communicated his Bulls to the chapter and took

possession by proxy on October 21, was consecrated on November 9 by Mgr. de Sibour at Notre Dame, and on the 11th made his solemn entry into his episcopal city—the city of miraculous deliverance, for which he cherished such an affection, that he could not be induced to exchange it even for the Archbishopric of Lyons and Primacy of Gaul—setting at liberty two prisoners for debt, according to ancient usage. The news of his nomination was received with the liveliest joy by his diocesans. “If the Catholic universe,” said the Vicars-General Capitular, announcing the new prelate to the clergy of the province,* “had not already borne solemn testimony to the qualities which distinguish him, we would speak to you of his oratorical successes, of his high attainments; we would tell you that the episcopal crown will find already upon his brow that of pacificator of minds and defender of the eternal rights of the Holy See.” In a pastoral letter addressed to his diocesans some days later, the newly-consecrated bishop took an elevated view of the episcopal functions and their special importance at that trying epoch. “Called to the episcopate in such times,” said he, “could we fail to foresee the immense difficulties, the innumerable troubles that the menacing condition of society adds to the ordinary solitudes of the episcopal charge? It was, indeed, of these sad times, that of yore St. Paul spoke to a new bishop, inviting him to reflect thereon: *instabunt tempora periculosa!* Yes, times full of grief and alarm for temporal as well as spiritual society!—times of unwonted suffering; but, according to the energetic and profound expression of Bossuet, what is dreaded is still more to be feared than what is suffered.” *Tempora periculosa*—dangerous times. In these two words is found the dominant thought of his whole sacerdotal and public life, the thought ever uppermost in his mind, to which, in fervid and forcible language, his eloquent tongue and facile pen gave frequent expression; the thought that inspired his first episcopal utterance in which, with something like a prophetic foreshadowing of the future, he gave the measure of what he was to be, one of the ablest, most indefatigable, and most intrepid defenders of the Church and Christian society against the skilfully-planned and daringly-executed schemes of the Cosmopolitan Revolution to destroy the one and disintegrate the other. It was he, the vigilant pastor, who, in his *Warning to Youth and Fathers of Families of the attacks directed against Religion by some Writers of our days*, the product of more than two years’ careful study of their works, exposed the immoral and anti-social doctrines of those moulders of “modern thought,” Comte, Littré, Rénan, Maury, and Taine, representatives of the critical and positivist schools, who in professional chairs, books, reviews, and newspapers—for they have invaded all the

* By virtue of an Apostolic Indult, he had assisted at a Provincial Council in October.

great organs of publicity—speak and write the safe sophisms that others translate into wild words and violent deeds, false philosophers and fireside philanthropists distilling with dainty white hands the poison that infects the studious youth of the universities whom they have environed in an atmosphere of corrupt science—who, not content with systematically assailing Christianity and all dogmatic and moral teaching, based on Revelation, cut the ground under all natural morality in attacking those great primordial truths—God, the soul, and the future life—with which the dearest hopes and aspirations of humanity have been immemorially associated, conspiring to make both science and society atheistic and materialistic, eliminating from literature the very idea of God, narrowing the horizon of human thought to the limits of the relative and contingent, and propagating, with a cold and heartless fanaticism, sophistical theories inimical alike to faith and reason—that double barrier which proud and erring minds have, from age to age, vainly striven to overthrow; the prelate who, in a memorable pastoral, issued at the close of 1866—a year, he said, for which patriotism, religion, and humanity would have to shed tears, the year when the overflowing of the Loire inundated and devastated several parishes in his diocese, and he had to shelter and maintain whole families of sufferers at his episcopal residence—drew attention to the still more alarming and devastating flood of immorality and unbelief which threatened to submerge society, and certain startling signs of the times, coincident with the war on God and religion, which already far exceeded the eighteenth century revolt, presaging an inevitable social catastrophe; who, in his powerful polemic, *Atheism and the Social Peril*, replied with cutting irony and crushing logic to the strictures of the irreligious press, and, having closely studied the morbid anatomy of the body social and political, dissected all those revolutionary doctrines that have long gangrened Europe, demonstrating their inevitable and not far distant consequences with a lucidity which only those mentally and morally blind could fail to see; awakening to a sense of imminent danger lethargic intelligences lulled into slumbrous apathy by nepenthe draughts of pseudo-liberalism, and appealing to every sound Christian and conservative to save society from being precipitated by selfish and insensate men into unfathomable abysses of moral and social anarchy; who, in his *Etude sur la Franc-Maçonnerie**—elicited by Persigny's famous

*This work is grounded on the Masonic constitution and statutes, authentic documents issuing from the lodges, speeches delivered at Masonic meetings, Masonic newspapers and reviews, and the public action of Masonry. Many of the documents, absolutely incontestable and uncontested, are found in a very remarkable work, published at Ghent by a courageous and eloquent publicist, "*La Franc-Maçonnerie soumise au grand jour de la publicité, à l'aide de documents authentiques.*" "Some years ago," says Mgr. Dupanloup, "Mgr. Ketteler, Bishop of Mayence, one of the most learned bishops and broadest minds in Germany, was also led to take up this

circular, and written in the midst of the agitation of the Paris municipal elections, when the democratic candidates came forward as the advocates of independent morality and godless teaching—directed attention to the greatest of all social perils, that insidious organization which overspreads Europe like a huge net, gathering all sorts of unclean fish into its slimy folds, the world's parody of Catholicism, the synagogue of Satan, at once the laboratory and Church of the Revolution, with its blasphemous travesty of the Mosaic and Christian ritual with which it seeks to gratify the innate sentiment of worship ineradicable in man, as it seeks to satisfy the noble impulse to benevolence by other delusive devices—as if rational men, after eighteen centuries and a-half of Christianity, could not be benevolent, brotherly and charitable without decorating themselves with absurd titles, meeting in secret assemblies, and taking rash oaths!—the antechamber of the secret societies in which revolutionists more thorough and active than the encyclopedists have undermined thrones and altars, turning the comedy of liberty, equality, and fraternity into a dismal tragedy, and extending their irreligious propaganda among boys and girls by means of *Ecoles professionnelles de filles* and a *Ligue de l'enseignement*, “signalled” by Mgr. Dupanloup in his *Alarmes de l'Episcopat justifiées par les faits*, to which all the French bishops publicly adhered, and in which he denounced those institutions whereby it was sought to make future mothers of families *libres penseuses*, living and dying out of Christianity and all religion.

But it was for young men chiefly imperilled by these doctrines that the bishop, who had begun his sacerdotal career as a catechist and a seminary prefect, and was marked out by Gregory XVI. as “the apostle of youth,” was especially solicitous; to them he feelingly referred in his *Avertissement à la jeunesse* :—

“I feel I am fulfilling a great duty, and God forbid I should hesitate or temporize. When tares are scattered with full hands in the field of souls, those to whom the field is confided cannot

question, and published a special work under this title, *Can a Catholic be a Freemason?* His answer will be mine; and, after the profound study I have made of it, I shall say, like him, No, a Catholic cannot be a Freemason. Why? Because Freemasonry is the enemy of Christianity, and, by its fundamental principles, an irreconcilable enemy. I shall go further, and I shall ask, Can a serious man, a man of good sense, be a Freemason? And I shall equally answer, No.” In the eighteenth century Popes Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., and in the nineteenth Pius VII., Leo XII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX., have solemnly condemned this association. All the Belgian bishops, in a collective circular dated December, 1837, and the Irish bishops, assembled in Dublin in April, 1861, have condemned it, and all other societies tending to the same end. Mgr. Ketteler's conclusion, from a calm and erudite investigation of the subject, is this :—“Behold, then, on one side, the Catholic Church, and on the other modern Freemasonry. Here, the work of God, the work of Christ, and all those who believe in Jesus Christ; there, the work of men who deny God and His Christ, or at least abandon them. A Catholic who becomes a Freemason deserts the temple of the living God to labour in the temple of an idol.”

slumber. It is not only my duty, it is the imperious cry of my soul, moved by memories the most vivid and apprehensions the most lively I have experienced in the course of my ministry among young people. When one has consecrated his life to education, and acquired in that laborious work experience of the needs and perils of youth, comes a day when mingle with the disquietudes inseparable from such a mission, a pain more cruel than all others, an hour of deepest anguish. It is the hour when the young man quits his family and goes far away, to Paris or some other of your great intellectual centres, to finish his literary education, and by special studies prepare for his career. He finds himself all at once thrown into such an unhealthy atmosphere of seductions, encounters such dreadful examples, that it is difficult not to be deeply moved at the moment of separation and departure. . . . There are men among us whose age, position, and talent, make them the guides of youth, who ought to make it a point of honour to warn them against dangerous allurements by grave and pure teaching; who having received from society the mission to speak to youth, have thereby contracted the sacred obligation of respecting it. And those are the very men who use their speech and their authority to destroy in them all faith, all Christianity, all religion. . . . I had long apprehended the evil and wished to take note of it. But now-a-days there is so much sadness within and without, so many combats to sustain, so many works to accomplish! The weight of the pre-occupations that overwhelm a bishop is so heavy that I had only foreseen half the danger; but recent facts, examples that have deeply grieved me, shipwrecks that at the price of my blood I would have spared families worthy not to know such sorrows, have at length led me to study, to sound the abyss to its deepest depth, and no longer hesitate to raise my voice. I know what I owe to every man whose doctrines I arraign, and what I owe in particular to those whose names I shall presently be obliged to mention; but I owe much more to those young men I have educated, and still am educating these twenty years past, to those fathers of families, those Christian mothers I should not have to console now, perhaps, if I had warned them yesterday. After so many services rendered during my whole life to youth and to families, there remains one more for me to render them to-day. It is, perhaps, the last they will receive from me. In any case, it is so great, so necessary, that I would not like to die before leaving the youth I have loved this last, this supreme warning. . . . If people think I could find any satisfaction in such a work they would be strangely mistaken. I have never done anything more painful, more repugnant to my nature. I have always sought not what separates but what unites. Here I have found nothing that permits of a *rapprochement*; nothing but immeasurable, almost hopeless gulfs of separation; nothing in all the funda-

mental doctrines that has not inspired me with pity and horror. And particularly when I saw all those doctrines propagated with incessant ardour, and forming around youth, as it were, an atmosphere of corrupt science, of elegant and poisonous literature in which souls breathe the distilled venom of every error, I could not help shuddering, and every consideration of ordinary propriety and worldly regard vanished from my gaze . . . For if I do not write a line to hinder these men attaining fortune, I frankly admit I shall do all I can to prevent them educating youth, indoctrinating the people, and governing society. Their ambition is considerable ; with the pretension of inaugurating a new science they have the pretension of moulding a new society, and that is why they have education, youth and the people so much at heart. . . . The precautions I have adopted against possible misconceptions exceed all the care I have ever taken with any work ; and I affirm, after having directed my mind and my fatigued but still open eyes into this abyss and labyrinth of contradictions and errors, of subtleties and enormities, that what I have said is still nothing in comparison with what I might have said. See, then, what they write, what they print, what they fling as food to a hungry public, what they give our youth to read ! See what a war is carried on in our midst, not only against Jesus Christ and Christianity, but against the great moral truths themselves—not only, I repeat, against faith, but against philosophy and reason ! Great would be the astonishment if we remained silent in presence of such doctrines, if no bishop's voice was raised to reprove this impious sophistry. Assuredly this is not the only one of our perils. In my eyes it is the greatest. No doubt there are in France, and I deplore it, libertine writers, but they only corrupt libertines ; the impiety that poisons the roots of all beliefs inflicts much deadlier wounds on souls ! Poor young men, defenceless by their age, their inexperience, their unfinished education, abandoned to all the snares and seductions of error and evil ! . . . When will thoughtful minds among us learn to open their eyes to the real dangers of society, and be no longer the dupes of sophisms and the sport of words ? . . . Will not sound reason no more than true liberty find defenders among us ? Shall I be left to speak alone ? For it is reason I am defending still more than religion—reason and philosophy abandoned to such onslaughts ! Well, yes, I shall speak up for it ; since nobody speaks a priest must speak for you. It is not so much my Church, it is your household they are ravaging ; it is the principle of your laws, the basis of your doctrines, the protection of your hearths, the morals of your children ! . . . Yes, I have done well ; I am bishop not to take my ease, but to warn those who need to be warned !"

And lest it should be thought he had overrated the importance or exaggerated the influence of these writers, he adds elsewhere:—

"These schools have a *tactique*; they cannot count upon either a *savant* or a philosopher worthy of the name; all the great investigators of human nature and physics have indignantly disowned them; they cannot appeal to any single one of the great scientific experiments of our time in their favour; they have always and everywhere been vanquished. No matter; they assume to be the outcome of all modern scientific research; they repeat it, and it is by such words they abuse the ignorant and light-headed youth. . . . Certainly, no one pays more homage than I do to contemporary science. I admire that power, given to the human mind, of rifling nature of its secrets, and immediately applying the conquests of science to a thousand productive industries. But the science that turns upon its author, that is interpenetrated with atheism, that is so intoxicated with itself as to want to explain the world without God,—I am horrified, and exclaim—'O, men of true science and true philosophy, save contemporary science from this degrading and fatal apostasy!' For this movement, I have said, is far-reaching; the power of diffusing its doctrines far surpasses that at the disposal of the eighteenth century. The great mass of newspapers and reviews attack in concert, with ever-increasing audacity, not only the Pope, but Jesus Christ, the Gospel, the whole Church, its clergy, its religious orders, its entire teaching, with the most odious calumnies, and that everywhere, every day, every morning, in all the workshops, restaurants, cafés, cabarets, railway stations. It is the newspapers and reviews with the largest circulation that by turns lend their noisy tribunes to the doctors of Atheism, Materialism, Pantheism, and anti-Christianism. . . . And while in this way bad doctrines are circulated in every form, in books and scientific reviews among the lettered and cultivated portion of the nation, and produce incalculable ravages in minds, they pass from these books, reviews, and great journals into innumerable publications of all kinds, almanacs, popular songs, romances at four and five sous, expressly written for, and hawked about among the people. . . . No, I was not wrong in the letter that has been so much attacked in citing as a sign of the progress of contemporary atheism, two of, in my eyes, its most dreadful invasions, an invasion of youth, and an invasion of the masses. . . . Whither are we going, I ask, if all this work of impiety and immorality continues? I answer with profound conviction; we are marching towards a social cataclysm.* For all these doctrines, let it be well noted, have inevitable social consequences. Religious and moral principles, whether one will or no, are the basis

*In thus venturing to forecast the near future, Mgr. Dupanloup was in accord with Joseph de Maistre, Donoso Cortes, and other philosophical writers, who, after a profound study of history, read by the lights which revealed religion alone supplies, had arrived at the same conclusion.

of society ; whoever disturbs them, disturbs everything. . . . Subversive ideas are first elaborated by writers, then they soon descend to the masses, and when they have worked their way and their diffusion is more or less complete, they manifest themselves in acts, and translate themselves into catastrophes. . . . When one sees detestable doctrines in possession of an immense publicity and an organized propaganda, I say, if one does not want to walk with closed eyes to the abyss, that it is time to ask, whither are we going ?* It is because I know it and see it, that I cry out, and would wish, if possible, to awaken and enlighten those who are duped, and who, on the brink of such abysses, find it convenient to hear or see nothing. . . . There is the great evil, there is the crime of high treason against society and humanity, of which I arraign the press devoted to popularizing impiety ; it causes dissolvent doctrines to descend to the lowest depths of the body social, and that is what I call a dreadful misfortune and a frightful peril. . . . If there is always a danger in allowing society to be corrupted by impiety, how much greater is the peril to-day when such formidable social questions are suspended over our heads. . . . When questions which lately ensanguined your streets, and brought French society within an ace of its ruin, when such perils menace you, when this people, flattered by such doctors, excited by such perspectives, may become your master to-morrow, it is then you, who pretended to be conservatives, lend a hand to the destruction of its beliefs, to the corruption of its ideas, and work with a gay heart to make a people irreligious, replacing all religion by that 'religion of the disinherited classes,' called socialism.† Well, there is the danger I wanted to

* Mgr. Dupanloup published a pamphlet under this heading in 1876, and the year following prepared another *brochure*, to be entitled, *Où en sommes nous ?* in which he grouped together extracts from the public journals and from speeches, side by side with more recent facts, shedding additional light upon the situation, and justifying his oft-repeated warnings ; but it was never published. The subject, however, was exhaustively treated in the works above indicated, and in his speech on the Christian struggle, delivered at the Congress of Malines on the 5th of September, 1867 ; and in a series of articles published in the *Défense* a few years ago, under the title, *Les Plaisirs Sociales*.

† The aim of Socialism may be gathered from a few sentences of Littré, a disciple of Comte, its founder. Socialism is nothing less than "the hope and the faith of those who mean that the anarchy and trouble that agitate the West for sixty years shall have an end, and the revolution an issue" (*Conservation, Revolution, Positivism*, p. 177). "To close the western revolution is the aim of Socialism, and it alone can do it" (*Ibid*, p. 171). In a word, "Socialism comes to close the era of negation and destruction. In it and by it the popular masses feel that the revolution is neither a game of force and of hazard nor a pure and simple insurrection of minds against theological incompatibilities ; but that its necessary objective is a radical regeneration, which, changing all the mental conditions, will work a parallel change in all material conditions" (*Ibid*, p. 170). New society, in the sense in which modern sophists use the words to express their otherwise vague meaning, is to be founded on a new dogma, a new creed, and a new worship ; and the positivist philosophy, which seeks to displace Christianity, is described by Littré as the determinate form of Socialism. The means to be employed to secure the definitive triumph of Socialism in France, according to M. Littré, are, the suppression of the University and the clergy—that is.

point out in my last letter. They said to me, 'you are attacking democracy.' No, it is not democracy I am attacking. . . . Catholic in time and space, the Church was made to live under all possible forms of government and society. If democracy is the people, the Church blesses the people, as it blesses the middle classes, as it blesses the aristocracy; the Church does not curse anyone. If democracy is the elevation of the popular classes, peasants and working men, to a higher degree of education, of well-being, of morality, of legitimate influence, the Church is with democracy. But if democracy is the unbridled tyranny of the multitude, and, with that tyranny, impiety, atheism, war on God and the Church, social war, the suppression of religion, the overturning of all public order, and the fundamental principles of society, oh! no, the Church is not, and cannot be, with that democracy. I have spoken of those who gratuitously dig abysses between democracy and us, and make the people think, by a profound and lamentable misunderstanding, that the Church is its enemy. Who are they? They are those who want to make materialistic impiety the inseparable ally of democracy."*

And turning from these dark shadows in the picture he is drawing of contemporary society to the lights gleaming down from above, he pursues:—

"No doubt our age has its miseries and its perils, but it has also its virtues and its powers for good. There is in France, particularly now-a-days, in opposition to the progress of evil a strikingly vigorous progress of good, earnest aspirations towards great things, an astonishing productiveness in social organizations, and surprising reactions to Christian truth and virtue. . . . All that in the moral order is done with courage, perseverance, and sincerity, struggles advantageously against the force of contrary currents, and daily compensates for public defections by solid and valiant successes. That is the very thing that makes impiety growl and tremble. Nevertheless, we must not go to sleep upon the misfortunes and dangers that threaten those it is our duty to save. No, God keep me from ever forgetting the noble language of the great Bishop of Hippo: *Numquid Christianus factus es, ut in sæculo isto fleres.*"†

Another social peril, against which Mgr. Dupanloup warned his readers, was what he called the literature of the passions, the literature that disturbs the equilibrium of the faculties, and boasts

of theological and metaphysical philosophy—the suppression of universal suffrage, and the conferring on Paris alone the right of electing the Government; and finally, placing the Government in the hands of the proletarians. "Such is the situation," says M. Littré (*Conservation*, p. 228), "whatever may be the issue, our rôle as Socialists is distinctly traced out: to continue our indefatigable propaganda, in France and out of France, by speech, by the press, and by example."

* *L'Atheisme et le Peril Social.*

† *Ibid.*

of giving the predominance to imagination and sensibility over reason :—

"A literature whose primary characteristic is to throw the reins to the imagination and sensibility, and liberate them from the laws of reason, exposes both those faculties to all the perils and disorders of their nature ; it fondles, over-excites, stimulates, and necessarily unbridles the passions, and those whose hold upon the poor human heart is the most to be dreaded. . . . Such a literature perverts the moral taste : why ? Because it is an intoxicating literature, and inspires a profound disgust for the beautiful, the true, and the good. It habituates the reader to the perfervid language of an ill-regulated imagination, and an over-wrought sensibility ; it renders one insensible to the charms of a noble and beautiful, but well-disciplined imagination, of a calm, pure sensibility, of a reason always dominant and strong : imagination and sensibility restrained within the bounds of reason and propriety appear insipid. Yes, let no one be deceived, there is a corruption that I shall call predominant, which operates, of itself, so to speak, without the direct intervention of vice, solely by the depravation or perturbation of the faculties. It is this species of corruption, the worst of all, that the literature I speak of, even when it does not absolutely depict vice, produces. It corrupts directly in three ways : 1, By the passions it brings into play ; 2, by the literary processes it employs to depict them ; 3, by the principles on which it lives. Who can deny it ? Upon what do all those romances or theatrical pieces perpetually turn ? Always on the same subject, and in the same circle ; however they may vary the theme, it is always the same ; whatever new combinations of incidents or intrigues they invent, it is always to the depraved sense they address themselves, to the dangerous propensities of the heart, to the corrupt imagination ; that is what they awaken and excite by every means. In a word, that love that Fénelon calls 'the detestable vice that ought to alarm modesty,' always appears upon the scene. Well, I ask, is it not essentially pernicious ? Can one breathe with impunity such an atmosphere ? Can one perpetually stir up that sad slime of the human heart without its exhaling something impure and unhealthy ? Besides, what is the result ? Chastisement well merited ; this self-inflated, self-intoxicated literature, which called itself a fresh, brilliant, genial, renovating literature has fallen, I am not afraid to say, into the mire, and become for whoever still holds to the true names of things, a corrupt and corrupting literature. Its method, its art is materialistic, realistic art, thinking itself, if I may so speak, bold enough to lay bare everything without restraint or reserve. . . . Hence those minute, detailed descriptions in which this literature delights, those refined paintings of vice, and all that is of a nature to excite the worst impressions ; hence those coarse emotions, those nervous thrillings, those cries, not of the soul, but of the flesh and blood,

put in place of the pathetic ; hence that audacity in saying everything, depicting everything, in stopping at nothing, in unveiling and laying bare everything under pretext of being true to nature and reality. As if art itself was not to have its modesty, and as if it was so much the truer and more beautiful in proportion as it was more material and sensual. No, no, in thus debasing itself, corrupt literature has none the less broken the ancient alliance of art with truth, as art with beauty. These materialistic methods tend to the corruption of art as well as to the corruption of souls ; they neither purify nor elevate, they blight, they materialize, they lower intelligent imaginativeness and sensibility of heart to the level of the grosser senses. The senses, in a word, dominate everything. And the more highly coloured the pictures, the more vivid and striking the descriptions, the more dangerous are the impressions they excite. And let nobody say that morality resumes its rights in the *dénoûment* ; for, even if the issue of the romance were good and should redound to morality, is not this bold and minute painting of vice and crime of itself profoundly immoral ? Who does not feel that the too steady, too constant, too frequent contemplation of the real, when the real is unseemly, trivial, vicious, criminal, is unhealthy and dangerous ? But if the habitual exhibition, the fixed and too frequent sight of vice has so many dangers, what will be the effect of the monstrous crimes, the unbridled passions of all those creations of a sickly imagination which compose the ground-work of this literature ? Let us say it, nothing is more depraving and demoralizing : and demoralizing, please observe, necessarily, essentially, by the very objects themselves whose very sight injures the imagination, debases the mind, perverts the heart and disturbs the senses. Ah ! let them believe those who have read in the depths of consciences, and seen there mysteries that the eye of a father, a mother, sometimes a husband, suspect not, the ravages are dreadful ! . . . In this literature, passion—and I, priest and guardian in this world of eternal truth and morality, mean by that what should be understood, what it is in reality—passion is always honoured, embellished, exalted, sanctified, almost adored. Upon it all interest centres ; over it they are moved and shed tears. It is no longer an ignominy to be blushed for ; it is a weakness worthy of tender compassion. What do I say ? It is not even a weakness ; it is legitimate, it is innocent, it is a sacred right of the heart. They speak to us of sweet and irresistible propensities for which they entreat our sympathy, and almost our enthusiasm. Hence those shameful rehabilitations of that which nothing can rehabilitate. Not a crime that is not embellished, rendered touching, noble, moving by some heroic or virtuous passion ; not a duty, not a virtue that is not debased and rendered disgusting by a low vice. . . . They sometimes call this literature a light literature ; and certainly it merits that name for many reasons, for nothing better suits empty, nor more

disgusts grave minds. Nevertheless, those authors wish to be taken *au sérieux*, for such is their pretension, all of them, romancists, poets, and even writers of those ephemeral periodical publications that are born and die in a day; they all go in for serious art, all say we are in a serious epoch, and repeat it in concert, all, even those frivolous worldly women, and I shall add, in the name of religion that deplores it, even Christian women who read those books and are corrupted by them. Yes, there is philosophy, Christianity, and seriousness in these books; and, under this seriousness, they artistically and methodically sap the foundations of every virtue, break all the bonds of duty, extinguish all modesty and remorse in souls: they give youth liberty to do anything with the sad courage of blushing at nothing. . . . I have seen the noblest hearts, the most solid minds, the purest and most brilliant imaginations lose all their faculties, all their virtues, and, in the most deplorable manner, deceive the fairest hopes, in consequence of having imprudently abandoned themselves to this reading. And it is precisely the most generous natures, the warmest hearts, the happiest and liveliest faculties that are most exposed. I do not hesitate to say, a young man who feeds upon this theatrical and romantic literature is lost. But is not this literature only dangerous for young people? Let people beware of thinking so. Do you think, my dear friend, that a young mother of a family will live with impunity with those romantic adventures in which the tranquil happiness of the domestic hearth is treated as tiresome and prosy, in which infidelities to the holiest duties are condemned—perhaps towards the *dénoûment*, after having been poetised and embellished all through the drama or romance? Do you think all those images, pictures, maxims, types, whose least danger is to make people unreal and imaginative—do you think this over-stimulation of thought and sentiment, and all those unhealthy excitements do not constitute a dreadful danger? If we sought the primary cause of certain scandals, contemporary manners would here disclose more than one strange revelation.”*

And having traced the decadence of high art to the sensuous, if not sensual, influences which have proved equally destructive to it as to literature in an age when even religious art and music have fallen so low, the former often only seeking to charm the ears by flattering the senses, without conveying any noble thought or pious sentiment to the mind, and the other addressing itself much less to the moral physiognomy than to physical forms—much less to expression than to attitude—intellectual and moral conception, and ideal beauty being disregarded for that gross materialism, that abject sensualism which genius and taste, as well as religion and virtue have long bitterly bewailed; he

* *De la Haute Education*, tome iii. *Lettre Septième*, p. 85, et seq.

"signals," another social peril in the study of history now so much affected, pointing out that while history is an inexhaustible mine of philosophy and science, it is also a prolific source of errors innumerable:—

"Never have so many general and special histories been composed. Never have historical truth and the historical sense been so much extolled. But what spirit too often animates both the lectures and writings of our historians? It must be said, at whatever cost: the greater number of those who have assumed the mission of writing or teaching history, are separated from our faith by prejudice or error, for the most part false Catholics, Catholics only in name and unbelievers in reality, men with a system for whom the records of the past are only arguments in support of their opinions, and who know hardly anything of religion, upon which they dogmatize hap-hazard every time they encounter it in the events they have to relate. Hence it is that now-a-days there are historical sects or schools as there were formerly philosophical sects or schools. Thus we have the symbolical school, whose dominant thought is that all religions are different manifestations, according to times and places, of forms more or less good, but all essentially variable, of what they call the religious idea. The sole exception they make in favour of Catholicism is to accord it a more respectable founder, and a purer morality than the absurd beliefs of India and China; for the rest, this holy religion which has been the soul of the world's events—and which for so many centuries enjoys the historical possession of the divine fact, the most certain that ever was—is, for them, only a venerable, antique symbol, a feeble, used-up myth. You know the rationalist school which substitutes, for the government of the world by Divine Providence, the indefinite progress of human reason, and accommodates to this dream the march of events from age to age. In fine, there is that school to which has been given the name of fatalist, because it suppresses human liberty, and makes historical personages so many instruments of blind force which impels them to accomplish its ends without knowing whither they were drawn. It is to this school that we owe the strange doctrine of the morality of success, otherwise called the low legitimacy of all victorious causes. In face of all these aberrations one will understand how a writer could say, that for two centuries history has only been a grand conspiracy against truth: if that is an exaggeration, at least it is not an error. In the eighteenth century this conspiracy was flagrant. History then servilely crawled in the trail of reigning opinions; it became systematic, irreligious, declamatory, even factious; it was an arm in a vast combat in which everything was laid hold of. To speak more accurately, it was an arsenal in which the *beaux esprits* of the time armed themselves with facts which they changed into principles to oppose their authority to that of the beliefs they wanted to

destroy. In our days, with studies usually more mature, with a more conscientious investigation of original sources and documents, with a more exact and interesting exposition of characters and manners, with a style and an art incontestably superior, history has pretended to return to the truth; and it would be unjust towards our age to deny it all the praise that in this regard it has freely bestowed upon itself. I shall unhesitatingly admit that in historical works, of which it has really a right to be proud, there is found a hostility less direct, a more formal respect for religion, higher general views and a more real independence of the narrow prejudices of the past. But still under all these fair appearances, and despite illustrious exceptions, what sophists, what declaimers proudly posing in their deceptive impartiality, or simply continuing, with other arms, the impious war begun by the eighteenth century! In this immense mass of historical productions, created during the last thirty or forty years, how many are there that the sincere love of truth and goodness, in which sacred Christian truth is not astutely attacked, or the laws of morality outraged, or, in fine, any sacrifice made either of old philosophical prejudices or the ambitious pursuit of novelty? One could easily count the books that could be placed without peril, I do not say in the hands of youth, but even in the hands of whoever is not strongly rooted and founded in the faith, with nothing to be dreaded from the illusions of false science. Is it not in the field of history that the spirit of system now-a-days ventures upon the most odious and ridiculous temerities? Have we not seen a pretended critic carried away by his insane reveries, refuse to believe the best accredited of ancient times and remake them to suit his own fancy? That is not genius rising aloft upon the wings of science or of faith to take in all antiquity in one glance, and with the same regard penetrate into the very heart of the history of each people, and therein discover the secrets of its grandeur and its decadence. No, it is human vanity which, in the exaltation of its false presumption, is intoxicated with its own glitter, and sees nothing in heights inaccessible to its weakness, and in which it pretends to see everything.*

And in some noble passages, perhaps the finest in a work universally recognised as his *chef d'œuvre*, in which he treats of the attractiveness and utility of philosophy, and amply vindicates the dignity, power, and rights of reason and faith, he thus castigates those false philosophers, those sophists who would dethrone the one from its proud intellectual eminence and extinguish the other:

"In this world where light is struggling with darkness, there are two grand parallel currents of human thought—philosophy and sophistry—and two races of minds entirely opposed, philosophers and sophists. People should be very careful of confounding them.

* *De la Haute Education*, tome ii., liv. i., chap. ii.

The latter call themselves, but are not, philosophers, and cling to the flanks of philosophy like a cancer, to devour it. They are to be met in every epoch, but rarely in the character of absolute sophists, as in the times of the Gorgias and our time ; they swarm in moments of intellectual decadence and moral and social debasement as uncleanly reptiles are seen to swarm after a stormy day. Their appearance always forbodes catastrophes. While philosophers represent light in humanity, the sophists represent darkness. The philosophers believe in reason ; the sophists deny reason and turn it against itself. The philosophers say : The certitude of reason comes from an interior light God gives us and by which He speaks in us ; the light of reason, by which we discern principles, has been placed in us by God as an image of the increased Wisdom which is reflected in our soul. The sophists say : There is no light in us emanating from God ; there is no God, no soul, no truth, no future life. So, while philosophers establish truths, the sophists destroy them ; while philosophers proclaim certitude, the sophists proclaim doubt—radical doubt directed, not upon an obscure point of science but upon essential truths, and the very foundation of all truth. They mine the ground under our feet and suspend us over abysses. They wrest from humanity its dearest hopes, and, when they have filled the soul with desolation, they tell the rising generation, 'it must learn to stifle its interior sadness and abandon its hopes.' Certainly not ; mankind will not listen to such words and accept such masters ! But the mouth of the sophists, when they have got the field to themselves, never breathes with impunity upon a young, trustful, and defenceless generation. And now-a-days we, unfortunately, know but too well the sophists have re-swarmed among us ; and perhaps no time has been more fertile than ours in this kind of minds. Either in newspapers or books, upon all questions of politics, morals, literature, and particularly philosophy and religion, you find yourself in presence of a sophist or a sophism. Besides, it must be admitted, the sad feebleness of understanding into which our age has fallen is only too favourable to them. . . . And it is a just subject of consternation for thoughtful men who know to what sophistry can lead society. A Christian philosopher has said, and it is a true saying, that when monstrous errors appear, it is not long before monstrous crimes are seen."

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(To be concluded in our next.)

BY THE FIRESIDE WITH A SWEET SONG-BOOK.

BY T. C. IRWIN.

As round me falls the twilight gloom,
 Read me from this favourite tome,
 In the firelight smile of home,
 Some lyric, like an April air,
 Which o'er the soft blue ocean blows,
 Before the hills have lost their snows,
 Tinged with odours, sweet and rare,
 Of budding wheat and rose ;
 Or some old song or melody,
 Simple as earth's infancy ;
 Blythe or mournful as the breeze
 That in October's hazy noon
 Rustles through the yellow trees,
 Frolics through the searing flowers
 And withering garden bowers,
 Whence the saddened birds have flown ;
 Or from some thoughtful page entone
 A sonnet, like a summer moon
 O'er the spacious sea of night,
 Round and full of quiet light :
 Or that enchanted Dream that came
 To one, alone in night's dark rest—
 Thoughts that illumine despair and death,
 Like stars that dome some desolate heath,
 Or cold, unfooted desert vast,
 Dark with the infinite and the past ;
 Yet fancy-full with precious flame,
 Like jewels on an Ethiop's breast :
 And amid echoes, tempest drear,
 Amid the black woods of the west—
 A strain of Love rising above
 The omnipresent sense of doom,
 And long death-wail's sonorous gloom ;
 A music sweet, ecstatic, clear,
 As that some lonely nightingale,
 In love with evening's planet pale,
 Pours from her brown breast.

Or let me hear some careless rhyme
 From th' Elizabethan time,

When, like autumn sunshine streaming
Through deep orchards, dropping fruit,
Nobly round the isle, were beaming,
Mellow lights on lip and lute :—
Simple songs, arising oftly
'Mid the strains of bards and sages—
Simple voices, floating softly
From the grand Dramatic Ages.

HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

CHAPTER III.—ROUGH VISITORS AT ASTON.

MASTER PETER MANDRILL, like many other estimable persons, keenly enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. He was quite as much alive to its allurements as any modern country gentleman can be. But although the gratification he derived from his pursuit was considerable, success, in his case, was crowned with much more tangible reward than falls to the lot of him who is first in at the death, and is consequently entitled to carry off the odoriferous tail of a fox as his trophy. The sheriff hunted human game, and his prize was gold: stained a little, it might be, with blood, but good, serviceable coin notwithstanding.

The morning sun was streaming through the narrow lattice of his chamber, but he lay buried in profound slumber. Lord Aston had been twice to his door, but, finding that his guest was not stirring, went softly away again, without disturbing him.

He roused himself at last, yawned terribly, rubbed his eyes, and finally sat up and looked about him. And then the recollection of the trust reposed in him smote reproachfully on his mind.

The leathern case that lay where he had flung it the preceding night, contained a missive from Master Cecil, empowering and commanding him to take, dead or alive, the person of an obnoxious Jesuit, passing under a variety of names, and charged with divers offences, the least of which would suffice to send a round dozen of criminals to the rack or the gibbet, whichever seemed most meet to the dispensers of the law.

It was nearly noon when he reached the hall, where he sat for

some time, toying with the food that was placed before him, and inwardly regretting the time already wasted.

In answer to some seemingly careless questions, the servant who waited at table informed him that Lord Aston had gone over to Studley with the three younger members of his family. Captain Burnet had not accompanied them. Since he had been able to get about, he usually went out alone at an early hour, seldom returning before nightfall.

"Now, I wonder," he mused, "whether or no I am upon a false scent. I waste most precious time in lingering here without a purpose; yet it may be of use to see and question this fellow. If his errand be identical with mine, we might work together. But, no. I do not believe in this pretended mission of his. What if he be the Jesuit we are in search of! The thought seems too wild. Let me think," and he stood for some minutes with his hands tightly clenched, and brows bent, in deep thought. "He was lodging with a recusant. That need not excite surprise, if he be one of Master Cecil's men. Then he visits many recusants in the neighbourhood. Nothing much again, for I do the same myself. And yesterday he went alone to a Popish ruin. What for?"

He pondered silently for a time, turning the matter over in his mind.

"I must not make another false step here," he resumed. "I have too fresh a recollection of Master Cecil's angry rebuke, when he railed at me for being too officious. Yet a little too much zeal in such a cause, methinks, might have been pardoned, or met with fairer words. I can make nothing of it. I will stay here, at all events, for the day, and question him when he returns."

Some hours later the peer arrived in a state of much excitement, and, after hurrying his companions within-doors, hastily gave orders for the summoning of all the men upon the estate. He had brought the alarming news that a great rabble was approaching the manor, with the intention, so it appeared to him, of doing mischief. Apprehensive of an immediate assault, Lord Aston posted what men he had in such positions as would enable them to repel the first attack, and hold the assailants in check for a time; and as the manor-house contained plenty of fire-arms, it was thought that a successful stand might be made, until further assistance could be procured, or the precise object of the rising be ascertained.

When he had seen everything arranged to his satisfaction, Lord Aston rode off in hot haste, followed by the sheriff and a few others, to meet the rioters.

Whatever apprehensions the ladies entertained either for their own safety or for that of Lord Aston, there was little in their demeanour that displayed any signs of timidity. Nor were predatory incursions by such chance assemblages altogether a

novelty to the inhabitants of Aston Cantilupe. There was still a vast amount of destitution in the country ; and although some provision was made for relieving the wants of the poor, it was hedged about with so many harsh and cruel restrictions as to prove almost inoperative. Those who had shared the spoil of the religious orders were in no mood to distribute their property among the poverty-stricken, homeless tramps that swarmed the country ; and the loyal Scotchmen who had followed their king into his new heritage, sound Protestants to a man, had their own needs to provide for out of the lands that James had showered upon them with regal generosity, and had, consequently, nothing to spare for the poor. It is true that these lands were not his ; but the enrichment of his immediate followers at the expense of Papists, who were fair game for anybody, was not viewed with much indignation by his English subjects. Charity seemed to have gone out with the monks, and was, apparently, in no hurry to return.

As the tenants came in from the outlying farms, and were disposed in the most advantageous manner by the steward, who had fought in many a skirmish under his lord, there was little left for Lady Aston to do but to look on. A small culverin, that did not take more than ten minutes to load and fire, was posted at a window in the centre of the building, where it commanded the principal approach to the house ; and beside it stood Philippa, with a supply of ammunition in readiness for the gunner whenever it should be found necessary to commence operations.

At another window stood two young girls, attentively regarding the preparations below ; and near them, on an iron tripod, was a ponderous-looking arquebuse, of such heavy and ancient make, that it seemed more formidable to those who used it than to those for whom its contents were intended.

The taller of the two we already know as Hilda ; and although her cheek was pale, there was a flash of determination in the dark, full eye, that spoke of a brave heart. Her companion was a slight, pretty girl, with brown hair, and cheeks like a rose, who looked on with a little nervous trepidation, that the deep interest that the fair sex invariably take in a fray forbids us to set down as fear.

At this juncture Captain Burnet was seen slowly approaching the house ; and, coming in view of the hostile array, stopped suddenly in mute astonishment, gazing from point to point, quite bewildered. A few words of explanation from the steward caused Burnet to turn his horse's head, and follow with all speed the road taken by Lord Aston and his little party. Hilda noticed the movement with a glance of gratified pride. Turning to her companion, she said :—

“Had you much speech with Captain Burnet? He had been living at your father's for some time before we knew him, I think?”

"He was not much with us," said the girl. "He had duties that occupied much of his time, and took him abroad very often, and we seldom saw him but in the evening."

"What was the nature of his business?" enquired Hilda.

"I cannot tell that, lady," said Mary, looking down. "You know that we—my family I mean—are Catholics; and as we are obliged to conceal our belief as far as possible, for fear of being put in prison, where my father is at this moment, so we are not desirous of knowing the affairs of others, lest that knowledge too might bring trouble upon us."

"Is he a Catholic, too?" said Hilda. "But, no; I will not ask you that. Yet, what matters it?" She paused a moment, and went on, thoughtfully—"And your father is in prison, poor child! Why do they persecute your creed so harshly? You do not go to church, but otherwise you differ in no way from other people; and if you harm no one, Master Mandrill and his friends might leave you in peace."

Mary's eyes filled with tears. She thought of the humble home so rudely destroyed; of her father in his distant prison, from which he might never return; and her mother, dependent upon the charity of neighbours, who had so little to give, yet found means to relieve others more distressed than they.

"You saw a great deal of Captain Burnet," said Hilda. "Is he a good man? Did you like him?"

"Oh, yes, dear lady," said the girl, eagerly. "He was so kind and patient with everyone; constantly visiting the poor, and taking food and money to them. I loved him as much as my own father."

"Ah!" said Hilda, with a long-drawn sigh. "He saved you from the fire, I remember, at the risk of his own life. You have reason to be grateful to him, girl."

They lapsed into silence, and the time seemed to drag wearily on.

Lord Aston's experience in the field had taught him the supreme value of the first blow, vigorously delivered; and, surrendering himself to his soldierly instinct, he had gone out to meet the foe, grappling boldly with danger, and feeling little apprehension for the result.

To the cautious counsels of the sheriff, delivered with difficulty amid the jolts and stumbles of his horse, the peer made very short answers. He nodded sternly, and muttered something to himself, feeling meanwhile for his trusty sword that had done some service in the north. The Scots, who had felt its weight in many a well-fought skirmish, he looked upon as a race of mere savages, and whose irruption into England at the heels of the slovenly, ungraceful king, whom the old peer had determinedly tried to love and honour, but could not, had only served to increase his disgust at a nation whose mean and selfish treachery to his mother, King James had been the first to condone.

A short ride through the woods brought the party nearly to the confines of the estate ; and as they emerged from the leafy shelter, the whole force of the enemy was displayed in the meadow below.

A dense, swarming mass, was drawn up in rude order ; a wild, dangerous crowd, homeless and destitute, infuriated by hunger, and goaded almost to desperation by suffering.

The work of destruction had already commenced ; fences and walls were disappearing with wonderful celerity. A number of men with pickaxes and shovels were busily engaged filling up the dykes ; and another detachment was demolishing the wall of the park, cheered on by others, who frantically tore at the stonework with their bare and bleeding hands.

"Now what, in heaven's name, is the meaning of this?" said Lord Aston, in a low voice.

"Oh, it is nothing new," said the sheriff. "Their purpose is plain enough. They have been very busy in other parts lately, destroying the enclosures. The commons and waste lands have been granted by the king to some of his servants, and this has caused much discontent. Yonder rascal on horseback, who carries the leathern satchel, is, I doubt not, the fellow who calls himself Captain Pouch. He is an arrant impostor ; affects to be inspired ; and the mad rabble believe that he carries with him a charm that renders him invulnerable."

Burnet, who had silently joined them a few minutes previously, started at the name, and glancing at the speaker, gazed intently at the person indicated.

The multitude had halted at sight of the group on the hill, and a consultation appeared to be taking place among the leaders, who, like the horseman, also wore masks. Tying a piece of white rag to a stick, some of them advanced, calling out that they would speak with Lord Aston alone.

The peer instantly spurred his horse down the declivity, leaving his companions in doubt whether to follow or to return to the house for assistance.

"Well, my lads, what is it you want with me?" he inquired. "There is not much to be gained here but hard knocks ; my household are well armed, and we shall not part with what is our own without good reason."

He looked confidently, almost with defiance, at the few who had pressed to the front. Beyond was a dense throng of miserable-looking, half-starved beings, mainly in tattered clothing, their haggard features begrimed with dust ; and as his quick eye glanced upon their formidable numbers, he heartily wished for a troop of horse. The assembled host would go down like a field of standing corn before a disciplined and well-directed charge. Such arms as they had, to all appearance caught up hastily as they came along, smiths' hammers, scythes, forks, and other

weapons, gleaned from the fields, were displayed threateningly. Many who had no weapons, were hastily collecting heavy stones in expectation of an attack. Their shouts and cries fell upon his ear; some demanding money, and others, by far the most numerous, clamouring for bread.

The leader advanced, as Lord Aston awaited a reply, and doffing his cap with rough courtesy, said:—

“We mean no harm, sir, to you, or to any others. We claim for the people nought but what is theirs.”

“You seem to have done some harm already, whatever your meaning may be,” said Lord Aston, looking at his dismantled walls and fences.

“Let the blame rest upon those who have robbed us,” said the leader, sternly, a stout, athletic man, with a pair of huge horse-pistols thrust into the holsters of his saddle, and a formidable-looking broadsword slung at his side. “We have borne with injustice so long, that our lords and masters must needs think there is not the spirit of a mouse left in our starved bodies. What with priest and Papist-hunters, sheriffs and their dogs of followers, a poor man has little enow left that he dare call his own. And even these wretched, worthless strips of common-land, that have been ours for centuries, whereon our people feed their poor beasts—even these that his generous majesty and his Scottish curs do not disdain to sweep into their insatiable maws, are now taken from us, and enclosed for the profit or pleasure of the few, who fatten upon us, and wring from us our last penny, or the last grain of corn.”

“But I have done no such wrong,” said Lord Aston. “The common-lands hereabout are as free as ever they were. And sure I am that none of my people are among your followers, or they would not have suffered you to injure my property. The land on which you are trespassing is mine, and no act of violence will induce me to transfer it to you or to your friends, Captain Pouch; I believe that is your name.”

“The same, Lord Aston; aye, I remember you now,” said Pouch, looking earnestly at the peer. “What we have begun, that we shall complete. Kings and nobles must be taught that the land is not all theirs, but for the common good; the people will take their cause into their own hands, and see that right is done.”

The fellows who surrounded him nodded approvingly, and regarded the peer with threatening looks.

“Well, having demolished my walls, which I promise you shall be rebuilt,” said the peer, who sat his horse in perfect unconcern at their hostile demeanour, “perhaps, captain, you will order your army to retreat. I regret that my house does not contain sufficient space to accommodate so numerous and respectable a retinue as you possess.”

By this time, however, the crowd had grown impatient at the

delay ; many of the number were pressing forward, with shouts of "To the house ; to the house ;" and in a moment the peer found himself in the midst of an angry and chafing mob. One man attempted to drag him from his saddle ; but the wary old soldier drew his sword instantly, and wheeling his horse, speedily cleared a space about him. Several stones were thrown, and one striking him on the head, caused him to falter a moment, and he was again seized by a dozen hands at his bridle rein.

"Cowards !" he muttered. "I came to answer your own flag of truce. But 'tis little ye understand of the courtesies of warfare."

The proceedings had been anxiously watched by the sheriff ; and finding that matters were beginning to assume a serious aspect, and being moreover not desirous of risking his precious life in a contest of such unequal proportions, turned his horse's head, and rode back at full speed to summon further assistance. But he must not be set down as a coward on that account. Brute courage he assuredly possessed ; but it was usually displayed with a posse of armed followers at his back ; and he did not feel that the peer's rash exploit was worthy of imitation, nor was he at all satisfied that his person and office would be treated with respect by a gathering such as he saw before him, which, no doubt, contained some who treasured up recollections of past insult and oppression that they had experienced at his hands, and who would therefore neglect no opportunity of retaliation.

His desertion was unnoticed by Burnet, who, seeing the critical position of Lord Aston, found it no longer possible to restrain his indignation, and rode swiftly into the midst of the mob.

"What is it you do ?" he shouted, and his voice was heard above the din. "Shame, shame upon you ! And you, George," he said, addressing Captain Pouch, "is this the work you have in hand ? Can you improve your condition by such senseless outrage as this ?" He flung off his cap as he spoke. "Those who know me among you, gather in, and help to defend this gentleman, who has wronged none of you."

There was a pause for a moment, followed by a shout of surprise.

"Master Everard !" was the cry. "God bless you, sir ! God bless you !"

Numbers responding to Burnet's call forced their way to the front, making a circle round Lord Aston and his preserver, and kept the rest effectually in check ; while Pouch rode hither and thither, with the perspiration streaming down his face, in his efforts to prevent another rush from the rear. His orders to retire were immediately obeyed by the crowd, who drew off slowly, with sullen, dissatisfied looks.

"I owe you my life, Burnet," said Lord Aston, wiping the blood from his face ; "and trust me, I shall not easily forget it."

"We are not out of danger yet," replied Burnet. "Unless we

can induce them to retire, I fear an attack may be made upon the house. But leave it to me, sir. I have some influence with these misguided men ; and with the assistance of Captain Pouch, it may be possible to rid ourselves of their company."

Captain Pouch returned at that moment looking rather abashed, as he met the reproachful gaze of Burnet.

"Had I known that Lord Aston was a friend of yours, sir," he said, with a show of compunction, "I would have taken my fellows another road."

"It is folly like this, George," said the captain, severely, "that brings disgrace upon our cause ; and if it once became known that any of our people were connected with these seditious riots, more bitter persecution would follow."

"I find it is all a mistake," said Pouch, resettling his mask, that had been displaced by his recent exertions. "It is many years since I was in this part of the country ; it seems new and strange to me, although I think my lord would know me, if I chose to remind him of the errand that brought me hither. He does not forget the companion I then had, I warrant."

"Take them elsewhere, for Heaven's sake," rejoined Burnet. "There are ladies in the house yonder, who would be terrified at the mere sight of such rude visitors. And this gentleman," he said, pointing to Lord Aston, "has been most generous, giving me shelter and care when most I needed them. Respect him and his, for my sake."

"Fear nothing, sir," said Pouch. "I will take them beyond the river for the present, and you shall not find one in the neighbourhood to-morrow. But they are footsore and hungry, and must have a little rest."

He beckoned to his companions, and, raising his cap to Burnet, was turning away, when Lord Aston said :—

"They shall have what food I can find them. As soon as I return I will send some of my servants down to you. Stay," he added, handing his purse ; "let me offer this contribution to your funds. You seem to be sadly in need of a few pieces."

"In the good cause, sir, I accept your bounty," replied the captain, coolly stowing the money into the huge receptacle that hung at his side. And, waving his hand, he set the crowd in motion ; and Lord Aston heaved a sigh of relief, as he watched the weary, tattered throng trudging slowly and painfully away.

There was an embarrassed silence between Lord Aston and Burnet during part of their homeward journey. The suspicions of the sheriff recurred to the mind of the former, and he glanced furtively at his companion's face. Burnet seemed in deep thought, and rode on unconscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected ; and, in truth, the scene he had just witnessed gave him plenty of food for reflection.

"Did you observe, my lord," he said, rousing himself, and

watching the peer's countenance as he spoke, "the name those men gave me just now?"

"I did hear a name mentioned," said Lord Aston, "different from that I know you by. But gentlemen frequently conceal or change their names when they have an object to serve thereby; and I am under far too great obligations to you to carry in my memory a circumstance that you evidently desire me to forget."

"I have need of concealment," said Burnet. "I do not tell you who and what I am—the mere knowledge might prove dangerous to you; but I will confide in you thus far. I am a Catholic, and as such carry my liberty, perhaps my very life, in my hands. So much you may have already guessed. Forgive me if I think it wiser, not for my own sake alone, to withhold any further explanation of my disguise."

"I seek not to know more of your condition, sir," said Lord Aston, "than you are willing to tell me. It suffices me to know that you have saved my life. Nay, it is no less," he added, earnestly, as the other was about to interrupt him. "You might have followed Master Sheriff's example and trotted off, leaving me at the mercy of the mob; and had you not come up when you did, they would have made short work with me, by this token." He pointed to his forehead, from which the blood still trickled.

"It was but a trifling matter, after all, Lord Aston; yet, if you will persist in the belief that you owe me aught that has not been entirely forestalled by your charity to me, I will ask one favour in return—that you would show such mercy as is consistent with your position to those unfortunate people of my creed who may be brought before you to answer the charge of disloyalty; that is, in our case, but another term for our adherence to the religion that the first Christians of this country professed."

"That would be paying but a very slight instalment of my debt," said Lord Aston. "But, surely, I may be able to serve you in some such fashion, if you will but tell me how."

"I am past pardoning," said Burnet, with a melancholy smile. "I doubt if even the king's power could avail much for me. I have tarried here too long already, and there are duties that call me to far different scenes. You can do me no greater favour than to say a word when it is in your power—and the opportunity may come sooner than you anticipate—for the lives of the miserably-oppressed fraction of your countrymen, who, under terrible discouragements, still cling to the faith of their fathers."

A silent, cordial pressure of the hand was the only reply Lord Aston gave; but it was fully understood by his friend, who bowed his head in grateful acknowledgment.

They had nearly reached the manor-house when they met the sheriff and Sir Roger Aston, who had unexpectedly arrived, followed by a formidable body of men, chiefly mounted, who, hastily

marshalled by the steward, were on their way to the assistance of the peer.

Lord Aston stopped them, and, in reply to his brother's anxious inquiries, said:—

"It is all at an end ; there seems to have been some mistake. It is Captain Pouch and his crew, of whose doings you know something, Roger. But they have retired peacefully, and I have the word of their leader that they will quit our neighbourhood this night. It will be as well, Harland," he said, addressing the steward, "to have some men posted, and keep all your fellows under arms, in case our friends yonder should think fit to change their mind. I have promised them food ; so let a troop of your men go down with as much as they can carry. Better to feed them at a distance, where there is plenty of room for their accommodation, than have them roaming about the grounds like a pack of hungry lurchers."

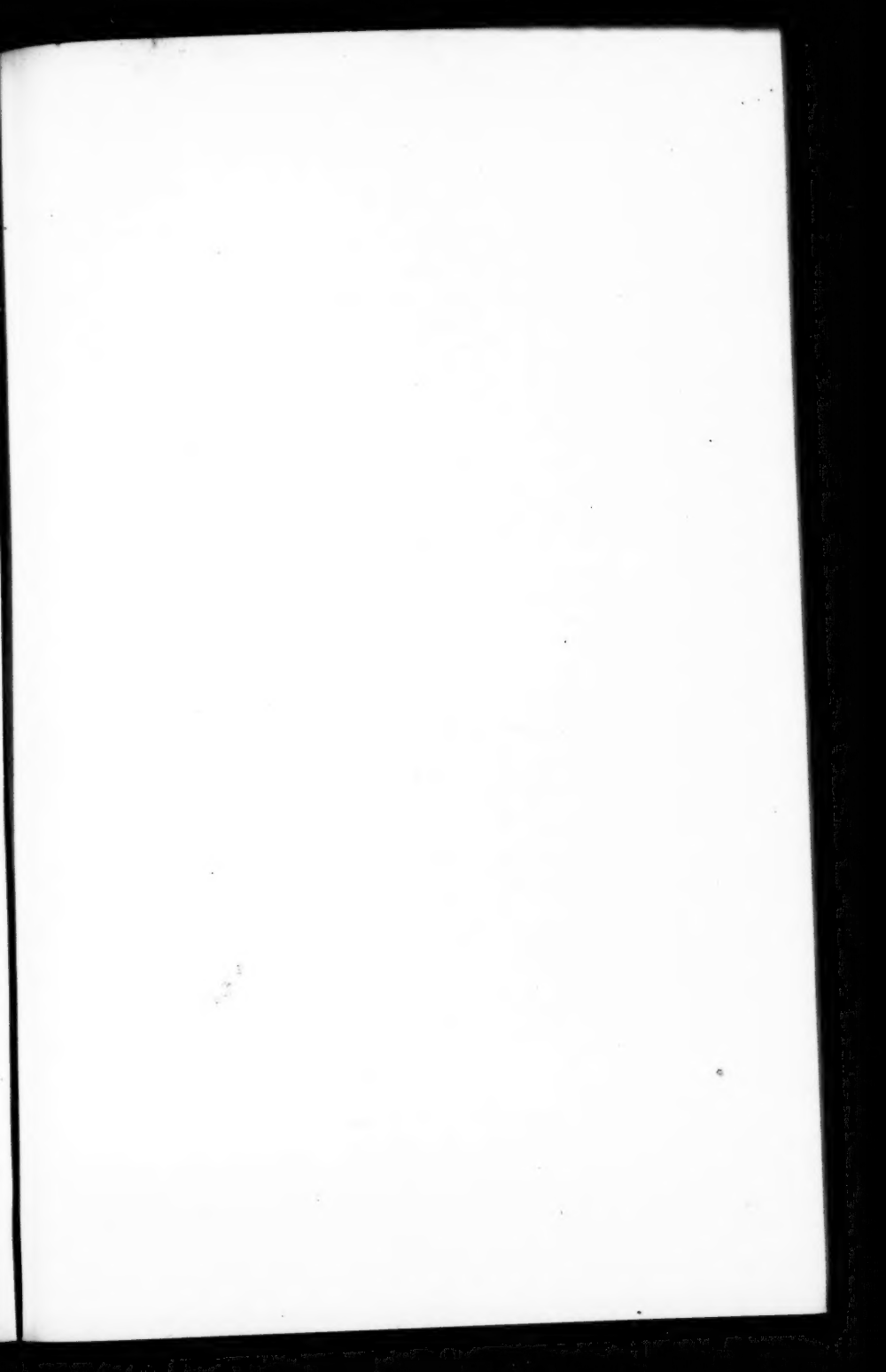
CHAPTER IV.—HOW MASTER PETER MANDRILL WAS IMPOSED ON.

THE unexpected events of the day gave Burnet much cause for anxiety ; and amid the solitude that reigned undisturbed in the spacious pleasaunce of the manor-house, he walked slowly, giving himself up to the reflections that forced themselves upon him.

He had entered the hall with the others ; but desirous of escaping the notice of the many strangers with whom it was crowded, he withdrew to the pleasaunce ; and now that he was there, and in comparative safety, he found to his dismay that he was caught in a trap. The grounds were closely surrounded by a dense, impenetrable thicket, overgrown with bramble and hawthorn, in which, after a careful examination of the place, he had been unable to find a single loophole of escape. And to render matters still worse, his few personal effects were in his chamber ; his horse was in the stables at the other side of the house, and to regain either, he could pass but by one way, and that lay through the hall wherein still sat the two men whom he was most anxious to avoid.

That the sheriff strongly suspected him, was clearly apparent ; so also was the animosity with which that worthy regarded him, and was at no pains to conceal ; and a new cause for alarm had arisen in the person of Sir Roger Aston.

This knight's vigilant zeal had marked him out for preferment ; he was justice of the peace in Yorkshire, and in that capacity had done eminent service to the State. Invested with his brief mantle of authority, it was most assuredly from no neglect of his if he had failed to make angels weep ; a class of persons, by the way,





"Burnet's face expressed alarm ; and the sudden change did not escape the notice of Hilda."—*High Treason*, page 133.

whose society he did not affect, and of whose existence he ventured to doubt. But among the recusants whom the law delivered up to his tender mercies, and who occupied by far the greatest share of his time and attention, he was catchpoll, judge, and executioner combined; and he vigorously smote them hip and thigh, as being disturbers of the land, disloyal, and heretical.

To Burnet his character was well known; and there were certain awkward passages in his past life, well known to Sir Roger, that Burnet would gladly have buried in oblivion.

A light, quick footstep pattered on the grass, and Burnet, looking round apprehensively, found himself in the presence of Hilda.

"How you startled me," she said. "I thought you were with the rest of our friends, yonder. But I am glad to meet you here. I have both news and a warning for you."

"For me?" said Burnet.

"What is there between you and Master Mandrill?" she asked. "You do not seem very friendly; yet I think you are well known to each other."

"I had heard of him many times before he came here," said Burnet; "but I know as little of him personally, as he does of me."

"Do not be so sure that he does not know you," said Hilda, significantly. "Why then should he wish to see what baggage you carried, and what papers you had?"

Burnet's face expressed alarm; and the sudden change did not escape the notice of Hilda. There was a slight tremor in his voice as he inquired with assumed indifference—

"Did the inspection afford him any pleasure?"

"I will tell you," she said, smiling at his serious aspect. "He bribed Ayliffe to show him your chamber, telling him that he suspected you to be a secret agent of the minister; and Ayliffe met me on the stairs leading from the long gallery, and told me of the matter. The sheriff went to your room a few minutes later, and I heard him tapping softly at the walls, and stamping impatiently about, quite in a fury at his disappointment. But your trunk was all the while in Lord Aston's chamber, where I had concealed it."

"This is news indeed!" he said thoughtfully. "He would have found something after his own heart, could he have effected his purpose. There are matters there that would give employment and delight to a score of sheriffs; papers that concern the lives of others. You have acted nobly, Hilda. But, if I may ask such a question, what induced you to interfere to protect me?"

The girl's eyes drooped, and a slight flush mantled her cheek.

"You are our guest, Captain Burnet," she said, in a low tone; "and until lately our patient. In either case we are bound to shield you from the rude curiosity of strangers."

"You load me with favours that I can never hope to repay," he

said, with some warmth. "My gratitude and my earnest prayers for your welfare are all that I can offer in return for your kindness; and for your generous, unquestioning hospitality to an alien, who had no claim upon your charity, and from whom even you might, perchance, turn with abhorrence, could you but know him as he is. Home and friends are strange words to me; but I shall ever treasure in my heart the memory of the few days I have spent beneath this roof, that will still shelter those who are not ashamed to call me friend."

"Do you mean then to leave us?" she inquired. "This is a sudden resolve."

"I am obliged to go this night. To hesitate now would involve me in needless difficulties; and in truth, I fear some opposition to my departure will be made by the sheriff, perhaps, too, by Sir Roger."

She looked round anxiously, and remembering that there was no outlet from the grounds, shook her head despondently. After a few moments' consideration, she said—

"You cannot leave but by way of the hall, and if you remain here you will certainly be discovered; for my uncle never omits to play a game or two of bowls in the evening; and his brother will doubtless join him. Try to pass to your chamber. I will go in first, and while I am speaking to Lord Aston, you may find an opportunity to steal past. We can but make the attempt; for in any case you must confront the sheriff."

He followed her reluctantly, and not being able to suggest any better way out of his difficulty, surrendered himself to her guidance.

Opening the door cautiously, she peered in. There were not many persons in the hall, but around the table of Lord Aston, a few paces from where she stood, there still lingered several guests conversing noisily; and the clink of the wine-cups broke with an unwelcome sound upon Burnet's ear.

She entered; and in a few moments Burnet followed. But the moment he appeared, Lord Aston, who had turned to speak to Hilda, observed him; and calling him by name, forced him into a seat. Finding there was no help for it, Burnet quietly submitted; and Hilda seeing that her little device had failed, quitted the apartment with a gesture of profound despair.

Directly facing Burnet sat a gentleman in whose features could be faintly traced a rough resemblance to Lord Aston. Beneath his grey, bushy eyebrows there flashed a pair of watchful, hungry eyes; and his bloated appearance evinced his devotion to the pleasures of the table, to which the brimming flagon in his hand bore silent testimony. He started as his eye fell upon Burnet, whom he honoured with a broad stare of wonder, as he seated himself in compliance with Lord Aston's request.

"I have been looking for you these two hours past," said the

nobleman. "But I warrant you found your companion's converse more attractive than the society of a few wine-bibbing greybeards. Tush, man, 'tis small blame to you. I have known the time when a pair of bright eyes would have sent out of my head all thoughts of dinner, aye, and of dogs and horses to boot. This gentleman, Roger," he continued, addressing his brother, "saved my life a while since; and but for him my house would now have been in the hands of Captain Pouch and his rascals. You do not know my brother, Captain Burnet. This is Sir Roger Aston, so high in favour at Court, that Master Pouch has grown envious of his good fortune, and threatens him with the fate that was likely to befall me."

"I think Captain Burnet and I have met before," replied Sir Roger, slowly, fixing his eyes with a searching look, as if trying to recall some memories that floated hazily through his brain. "Is it not so, sir?"

Burnet looked at the speaker for a moment, and replied with assumed indifference:—

"Perhaps, sir. An eminent public man like Sir Roger Aston, must see, in the discharge of his duties, many faces that are speedily forgotten. It would indeed be surprising if he remembered them all. But Lord Aston overrates the little service I had the privilege to render him. I recognised in Captain Pouch, which is, I believe, an assumed name, a man with whom I had some dealings in past days; and for old acquaintance-sake he complied with my request to seek other quarters in which to pursue his somewhat questionable avocation."

Lord Aston broke in with great earnestness; and being rather warm and flushed with wine, endeavoured with much solemnity to impress upon his auditors the heroism displayed by his friend.

"Yet, why they should single me out as the object of their attentions, is more than I can divine," he said, reflectively. "There was some method in their mistake, as Captain Pouch called it. I have harmed none of them; and as for the enclosures, why they were made a score of years ago. All the land I own was my father's before me; my fingers have been in no Papist pie. If they had come to you, Roger, worthy pillar of the State, and upholder of the Protestant cause as you are, no one would have wondered."

"Bah!" returned the knight, disdainfully. "The knaves are not worth a thought. There are means enow to repress their insolence. They dare not wag a finger in my neighbourhood; their zeal speedily cools in jail."

"I wish there were a few more Papists in Warwickshire," said the sheriff, pensively. "That is, Papists of quality. They are growing scarce birds. Such as there are, for the most part, hardly reward the trouble we take to hunt them down. And we are cheated of our lawful share; for the best estates are given

not to staunch English subjects, but to needy Scottish adventurers, to repair their ragged fortunes."

Aye, curse them!" said Sir Roger. "They eat us up like a swarm of hungry locusts. It was with much difficulty that even I contrived, some time since, to get hold of two Papists to make profit of; and those had been previously begged by that cormorant, Lord Hay."

"How do you make profit of them?" asked Lord Aston. "I understood the fines went to the king."

"So the law says," rejoined the knight. "But the process is very simple. The fines that Papists are condemned to pay are allowed to accumulate, until they become so heavy that it is impossible for the recusants to pay them. Then the king is empowered to take two-thirds of the recusants' lands; and what his Majesty can take lawfully is his to give again. The two-thirds that I have the king gave to me, as I said, to make profit of. I go to the recusant with a posse of my men, and demand my land. Then we haggle together, and in the end Master Recusant pays me its value, and it is his again for a space. Then we summon him to take the oath, and for every neglect a new fine is incurred, and for other matters fines are inflicted, such as £20 a month for persistence in their false belief; ten pounds a month for every Popish servant they keep; and if they let a Popish priest baptize a child of theirs, it costs them £100. All these fines are duly certified to the Exchequer, and when they amount to a good round sum, down we go again to our recusant and demand the whole. And in the end a Papist will esteem himself a very fortunate man if he have not to redeem his house and lands more than once in the year."

The sheriff raised his eyes in mute despair. No such windfalls ever fell to his unlucky lot.

"Is there any opening in your parts, good Sir Roger," he asked, "for an active man—one firmly attached to the glorious Protestant cause, and who hates Popery worse than the devil?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the knight. "Do your palms itch, Master Sheriff? Would you put your sickle into our harvest? Oh, these are grand times indeed! Rightly is it termed a golden age!"

And he drank, with loyal fervour, the health of his sovereign lord the king.

Lord Aston was deeply offended, and glanced deprecatingly at Burnet, to whom, he felt, such rude boasting must be strongly distasteful. As his brother ceased, he said, indignantly—

"That such laws should exist in a country professing the Christian religion, is a shame and disgrace to us who live in it; but that they are put in force in a manner so harsh and revolting, is enough to make one forswear the Protestant faith altogether. And what is the crime of these recusants? They obey the laws

to the letter, as far as they are able ; they ask but our leave to serve God as their fathers did ; and if they are sometimes goaded into resistance by such unmerited cruelty, dare we blame them ? It is such as we, who persecute, who are the evil-doers."

He struck his hand violently upon the table, making the cups dance again ; and left the hall with his face purple with anger.

Sir Roger and the sheriff seemed a little abashed at the rebuke ; and although they kept their seats for some time after the departure of Lord Aston, the conversation was not resumed ; and Sir Roger, finding that his head was getting rather confused, at length staggered off, drowsily muttering to himself :—

"Where have I seen that fellow ? Where was it ?"

Darkness had set in ; and, but for the presence of a few of the servants at the lower end, the hall seemed empty, when Captain Burnet, emerging from the long gallery, cautiously descended the stairs. He was congratulating himself at the ease with which he had escaped, when a man who had been sitting near the chimney-corner suddenly rose and confronted him.

It was the sheriff, and he looked from Burnet to the small leathern trunk he carried in his hand, and then again at the captain's face, his suspicions now fully aroused.

"A word with you, Sir Captain," he said, seeing that Burnet paused. "Guard the door there," he called out. "Where are my men ? Go and fetch them instantly, one of you."

The serving-men stood gazing at one another ; but, not understanding what the sheriff wanted, remained in the same attitude of surprise.

"I demand an explanation of the scene I witnessed yonder to-day," he said to Burnet. "And I would know, moreover, your name and condition. If you do not choose to give an account of yourself, I shall arrest you in the king's name. In one word, sir, who and what are you ?"

Burnet's face was pale, but there was a look in it of calm determination that made the sheriff flinch, hardened as he was.

"Lord Aston has already acquainted you of my name," he said, quietly. "I deny your right to stay or question me. If the account I have given him fail to satisfy you, I shall give no other."

"You dispersed that mob by a word," resumed the sheriff. "It is evident that, if not in league with those lawless desperadoes, you were sufficiently well known to them to cast the gravest doubts upon your honesty. We know a man by the company he keeps, and yonder scurvy crew are no fitting friends for one who affects to hold the king's commission. Explain this to me, sir, or——"

"I refuse utterly to answer your questions," said Burnet, firmly. "I am here on a secret mission from him who is your master as well as mine—a mission whose object I am not at

liberty to disclose to such as you. I derive my authority neither from commissioner nor secretary, but from one whose power is supreme."

"From whom, then, do you come?" asked the sheriff, a little daunted by the confident bearing of the speaker. "Do you mean to say the king?"

"Ay, sir; from the king himself," said Burnet, with emphasis. "You have already been thoroughly censured for indiscreet zeal; beware how you repeat the offence. And I warn you, sir, to stay me at your peril."

Master Mandrill shrunk back in positive fear; and while he stood uncertain what course to take, Burnet passed lightly down the hall, mounted his horse, that stood ready saddled at the door, and the sheriff listened to the clatter of the hoofs until their sound died away in the distance.

"I will not believe it," he said, stamping his foot with rage, and clenching his fist. "The rascal has cheated me with his impudence, and I have let him go! Where is Sir Roger?" he called savagely to one of the servants. "Take me to his chamber. He knows something of this fellow," he muttered, as he followed the man through the dim, tortuous passages. "Let me see if I cannot help to revive his memory. I shall have you yet," he added, with a scowl. "What an arrant fool I was to let him go!"

(To be continued.)

A DEDICATION.

TO AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

"We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams,
Sitting by lone sea breakers,
Wandering by desolate streams:
World losers and world forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever it seems."

I give you these, my pale, poor flowers,
Because of sweet remembered hours,
More sweet than any summer knows;
More glad than April hath to wear
For garland of her golden hair,
Or any violet, or rose.

For memories of reflowering years,
And holier dew of human tears
 Keep safe the tender leaves and sweet,
And cling about them as a charm
That neither wind nor rain shall harm,
 Nor winter's cold, nor summer's heat.

And only these are left to show
Of all youth gathered long ago,
 All Memory treasured and Hope gave;
And some were sown by dreams, in sleep,
And some were given Love to keep
 By Death, and gathered from a grave.

Some Love, betrayed and scorned, and slain,
And risen from the dead again
 More strong and holier, plucked to make
A second garland and more fair
To crown another woman's hair;
 And these are sweetest for her sake.

Yea, these are most beloved, and best,
And subtler-scented than the rest,
 For sweet sake of her womanhood
That is more kind, and pure, and true
Than any dream the old love knew,
 And much more beautiful and good.

And so, if you will find them room
In that fair garden, filled with bloom,
 Where you have will to dream and sing,
For loving sake of my love, friend,
Until our brief spring wane and end
 I bid you keep these flowers I bring.

PAKENHAM BEATTY.



NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS.

BY R. P. CARTON.

(Concluded.)

ALTHOUGH the reading of novels brings the disadvantages and evils I have hastily touched upon, I do not mean to affirm that they are wholly bad, and by all means to be avoided. Even as a means of amusement, if they were nothing more, novels cannot be too highly valued. They take men out of themselves. They lift them for a time, at least, above the petty cares and hard realities of daily life. They fill up odd gaps of time with bright and pleasant imaginings, which otherwise would be spent in dreamy and listless idleness. They have power, in Longfellow's words, "to soothe the restless feelings, and banish the thoughts of day." They can make the merchant for a while forget his business, and the doctor cease to think of his patients. They can make the clerk forget his daily drudgery, and I myself know their power to turn the attention of the lawyer away from his cases and his briefs. They can give new pleasure to us in health, and they can do much to soothe and lessen the pains of a bed of sickness. They can people a lonely journey or a desolate hearth with bright and pleasant companions. They can draw the captive for awhile, at least, from his prison cell. They can bring solace to the wanderer and the exile, for they will speak to him of home and friends. To many a man, amid the snows of an Arctic winter, or in the midst of the Australian bush, or in the backwoods of America, an odd volume of Scott or Dickens has been a priceless treasure and resource. Many of you must be familiar with a volume of poems by an American poet—Bret Harte—published under the fanciful title of "That Heathen Chinee." The title is a most misleading one, for the volume contains some pieces of very rare beauty and pathos. One of the poems in the collection bears closely upon this branch of my subject. It is called "Dickens in Camp," and it describes the effect produced by the reading aloud of one of his stories in a camp of Californian miners. I will here quote some of the verses.

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below,
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
 A hoarded volume drew,
 And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
 To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
 And as the fire-light fell,
 He read aloud the book wherein the Master
 Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
 Was youngest of them all ;
 But as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
 A silence seemed to fall.

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
 Listened in every spray,
 While the whole camp, with "Nell" in English meadows,
 Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountains' solitude, o'ertaken
 As by some spell divine,
 Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
 From out the gusty pine.

And as an amusement, novel-reading has the advantage of being at once innocent and inexpensive. Now this is by no means an advantage to be thought little of. A taste for novels will keep many a young man away from the billiard-table, the singing saloon, and the pit of the theatre, and preserve him unscathed amidst the temptations and vicious habits of cities. I have just illustrated my observations by reference to a modern poem. Let me make a modern novelist illustrate this portion of my subject for me. There is a very pretty story by Mr. Edmund Yates, with which, I dare say, some of you are acquainted—"Broken to Harness." Such of you as have read the story will remember that at the head of the room No. 120, at the Tin Tax Office, was Mr. Kincheton, who had been in the office since he was sixteen years old, and had fairly won every step he got by his uniform zeal and good conduct. His father had been head keeper to a nobleman, who had placed the boy on the foundation of a grammar school of which he was patron, and finding him apt and studious, had obtained for him his appointment from the Government of the day. His early life as a clerk, thrown as a mere boy, fresh from a country school, into all the perils of London, is thus described : "No Adelphi at half-price ; no cider cellars or coal-hole for young Kincheton, who had a little bedroom in a little terrace close by Kennington Common, where he was to be found every night,

book in hand and happy as a prince. A poor little bedroom enough! a wretched little bedroom, with a white dimity-covered tester-bed, two rush-bottomed chairs, a painted chest of drawers, a rickety wash-stand, and a maddening square of looking-glass hanging against the wall. But to that garret came Sancho Panza and the gaunt Don, his master; came Gil Blas and the beggar with his arquebuse, and the Archbishop of Granada; came wandering Rasselas and sage Imlac; came Ferdinand Count Fathom, swearing Tom Pipes, and decorous Mr. Blifil. There the hard-working clerk laughed over Falstaff's love-making and Malvolio's disgrace, or wept over Sterne's dead ass, or Le Fevre's regained sword, while his comrades, Mace and Flukes were ruining each other at billiards, and Potter and Piper were hiccuping noisy applause to indecent songs."

Now I am not exactly recommending you to chose the companions which Mr. Kincheton selected. I think you would probably consider Rasselas a humbug and the sage Imlac a most decided bore; and certainly the acquaintance of Ferdinand Count Fathom and Tom Pipes may very advantageously be dispensed with. But at the time of which the story treats, the novel-reader could get no better company. Now-a-days he can bid into his presence troops of bright and pure and beautiful creations. No longer do the foul satyr's eyes leer out of the novelist's leaves. No longer are our fictions marred by the dreary double meaning, the hint as of an impure presence, and even the open indecency which smirch the works of Fielding, of Smollett, and of Sterne. "I think," says Thackeray, in his *English Humorists*, "of these past writers, and I am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children."

But there is more to be got out of novels than mere amusement. They may in many ways be made a means of intellectual cultivation and of educational advancement. The historical novel, if the proper preparation be brought to its reading, and its partial truth, of which I have already spoken, be always borne in mind, may be of great use in the study of history itself. Historical novels may be divided into two great classes. In the first class the principal actors are in fact historical. They are men with well-known names—political, literary, religious, or military. Their characters, as handed down by history, are preserved with more or less fidelity; their sayings and doings are partly the sayings and doings which we might read of in their sober biographies, and are partly the creation of the author's fancy, introduced for the purpose of making his portrait more vivid and lifelike, and interwoven with the sayings and doings of the fictitious characters. To this class belong most of the historical novels of Scott; such novels as the "*Rienzi*," the "*Harold*," and the "*Last of the Barons*" of Lord Lytton; the "*Philip Augustus*," and "*Mary of*

Burgundy" of James, and the "Tower of London" of Harrison Ainsworth. In the second class the characters are entirely fictitious, and the framework merely is historical. Real historical events may sometimes be introduced, and real historical names may sometimes pass and repass across the scene. But both are used only to give a reality and, as it were, a local colouring to the picture. The interest of the story is always made to centre on the creations of the novelist's brain. To this class belong the "Westward Ho!" of Mr. Kingsley; the "Callista" of Dr. Newman; the "Fabiola" of Cardinal Wiseman; the "Dove in the Eagle's Nest" of Miss Yonge, and perhaps the most perfect specimen I could mention of the class—the "Esmond" of Thackeray. I have already spoken of the importance of acquiring a sound knowledge of history before the reading of historical novels is attempted. But it is the novel, after all, that conveys the most vivid and lasting impression. The writer of fiction, if he is worthy of his high vocation, can so warm the imagination by the interest of the events he describes, by the minute and subtle delineation of character, by the force of passion, or the charm of the pathetic, that beside his pictures the masterpieces of the historian seem dull and lifeless. If we hear of Richard Cœur de Lion, we immediately conjure up the picture of the crusading hero of the "Talisman" and of "Ivanhoe." We may be acquainted with the character of Elizabeth, as drawn by Hume and Lingard, or with the modern portrait which has been given to us by Mr. Froude, but the Elizabeth of "Kenilworth" is the one which is engraven on every mind. And when the romantic tale and heroic death of Mary Queen of Scots is thought of, it is less the masterly picture of Robertson or the touching narrative of Tytler that recurs to the recollection, than the imprisoned princess of the "Abbot." The historical novel, too, has another value. It illuminates just those dark angles and obscure nooks which history cannot. It introduces the reader to the accessories of an age which are not accessible in history, and in doing this it will enable us to feel and understand how the individual units which make up a nation felt and were affected by the stirring events, the calamities, the battles, the revolutions, the many strange and deep crises in the history of their country. You may read, for example, in every history of England, how the great national distinction between the Anglo-Saxons and their conquerors continued down to the reign of Edward III. to keep open the wounds which the conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation between the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons. But you will understand all this better if you go out in fancy into the Yorkshire wood with Gurth, the swineherd, and Wamba, the jester, and listen to their grumbings against the oppression of their Norman masters. Read any history of the English or Scotch civil wars, and you learn how the cruel struggle separated

father from son, and brother from brother, and how often the chances of the battle-field brought face to face, in deadly conflict, the sworn friends of youth and early manhood. But you will better understand the mental anxiety and the heart-breaking strife between love and duty which men and women in these times were every day called upon to go through, when you have followed the fortunes of Colonel Everard, in "Woodstock," or of Henry Morton, in "Old Mortality." We read an account of some great battle—we take up, for example, some book, such as Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," or we follow with eagerness, as we did a few short years ago, the track of the newspaper correspondent, as he tells of the devastating march of an invading army, or of battle-fields whereon the dead were to be counted by tens of thousands. We do this often without realizing what the bloody figures mean; that every life that ebbed away was the centre of some home circle, and the little children were perhaps praying at some woman's knee, even as the deadly line or the headlong rush of some gallant charge was making them orphans. If you would realize what war means—if you would know what a battle means to those who are engaged in it—what a siege means to those girdled round by a pitiless wall of fire and steel—what an invading army means to the people who are its victims, and to the country which it overruns—read the novels of Erckman-Chatrian; read how the conscript parted from his Catherine, or how he passed the night amid the dying and the dead in the little street of Kaya; or again, read of the hours of anxiety Father Moses went through, lest the mules with their burdens should not get into Phalsburg before the blockade began.

And while I am on the subject of the vivid and lasting impressions which the novel conveys, I may mention another way in which this effect is manifest. I mean the interest which is given to and felt in the places in which novelists have laid their scenes. If I may judge from my own experience, I would say that one of the greatest pleasures in travel is felt when we are able to identify the scenes through which we are passing with some familiar character, or some well-remembered incident of romance. On a first visit to Notre Dame, for example, how few will think of the sainted memories which fill that venerable pile, or of the changing dynasties which have passed beneath its sculptured portals! Strive to be as sentimental as you can, and I venture to say that the first figures that will rise to your memory are those of Esmeralda and Quasimodo. Go for the first time to Lucerne, and there, in the midst of historical associations of the deepest interest, in the midst of scenes of natural loveliness for which I can hardly conceive that this world can find rivals, I feel sure that the old wooden bridge across the Reuss will have its greatest interest for you, not because of the Dance of Death, or of the pictures from Swiss history which have adorned it for so many years, but

because it was the bridge that Elsie crossed with Prince Henry. Mount Pilatus will interest you, not because of the weird legend from which it is supposed to derive its name, or of the wondrous effects which the clouds make amongst its precipitous cliffs, but because it was amongst those cliffs that Anne of Geierstein rescued Arthur Philipson from his mortal peril. I well remember myself my first visit to Bâle. I looked for the first time on the Rhine from the balcony of the Trois Rois, beneath and beyond which that famous river rushes in a rapid and green expanse. If my mind had been well regulated, recollections poetical and historical should here come to me without number—the great Council of Bâle should not have been forgotten; but as it was, I only thought that the balcony where I stood was the spot where Alice Vavasour for a while forgot John Grey, renewed the old entanglement with her cousin George, which she afterwards again broke through, and thereby made that question necessary, which so many thousand readers have been since asked by Mr. Trollope, and asked not in vain—"Can You Forgive Her?"

And what the historical novel can do in making us understand history, the domestic novel and the novel of incident can do in extending our knowledge of life. If we will only bear in mind what I have already spoken of, the limited truth to be expected from the novelist, and are sedulous to guard ourselves against the other dangers which I mentioned, the novel may be made available for something much higher than the pastime of inactive minds and jaded energies. The experience of literature may not be as valuable as the experience of life, but it serves its turn. There was a time when the saying that one half of the world did not know how the other half lived, was much truer than it is at present, and the lessening of the truth is in no small part a consequence of the novels of the day. They introduce us to scenes altogether new—they conduct us through a wider range of experience than the actual life of each generally permits—they make us live in the lives of other types of character than our own, or than those of our daily acquaintance—they enable us to pass, by sympathy, into other minds and other circumstances. To some extent, at all events, they help to train the moral nature by sympathy with noble characters and noble actions. They familiarize classes and people who ought to be familiarized. Especially have the novelists of our day taken to heart the lesson so earnestly taught by Wordsworth in his poetry, that the best feelings and wishes and emotions of our nature are common to all classes, and "that we have all of us one human heart." And what he did in verse novelists like Scott, and Dickens, and George Eliot, and Mrs. Gaskell, and the authoress of "John Halifax," and Mr. Farjeon, and scores of others, have done in fiction—they have made the rich and the prosperous ones of this world feel a real human fellowship with the poor, by showing how strong in the hearts of

the poor these common feelings flourish. By a thousand examples they make us see into the lives of the poor, they teach us a minute familiarity with their modes of thought and feeling, they show us how they apply such intellectual gifts as they possess to the ends within their reach, they make us enter into the spirit of their ordinary occupations, and exhibit their pride in their work, their little dealings for gain, the cares and struggles of their poverty, and the anxieties of their thrift. They show how the human affections thrive amongst them, their boundless charity to one another, and how their hearts, again to borrow Wordsworth's words, are

"Strengthened and braced, by breathing in content
The keen and wholesome air of poverty,
And drinking from the wells of homely life."

Thus, for example, from the glimpses of the domestic economy of Mrs. Toodle's home in "Stagg's Gardens," or from the Christmas dinner-party at Bob Cratchit's, we learn that wedded love and the prattle of childish voices can bless and brighten with the same happiness the cabin and the rich man's home. Or again, take that touching scene in the "Antiquary," where Saunders Mucklebackit, on the morning after the storm, is endeavouring to patch up the old boat in which his eldest son had been drowned, and when spoken to by Monkbarns as to his working, gruffly answers: "'And what would you have me to do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned.' The Antiquary observed more than once the man's hard features, as if by the force of association, prepare to accompany the sound of the saw and hammer with his usual symphony of a rude tune, hummed or whistled, and as often a slight twitch of convulsive expression showed that, ere the sound was uttered, a cause for suppressing it rushed upon his mind. At length, when he had patched a considerable rent, and was beginning to mend another, his feelings appeared altogether to derange the power of attention necessary for his work. The piece of wood which he was about to nail on was at first too long, then he sawed it off too short, then chose another equally ill-adapted for the purpose. At length, throwing it down in anger, after wiping his dim eye with his quivering hand, he exclaimed:—'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat that I have hauled up high and dry, and patched and clouted sae many years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, and be d——d to her.' We are taught by such a scene as this that death can bring as keen a sorrow beneath the poor man's roof, and make as wide a gap at his hearth, as it does when it knocks at the dwellings of the richest and noblest in the land.

But in order to reap from novels the benefits and advantages I

have last been speaking of, it is important that you should select novels of a high class, and by well-known writers. In reading novels, as indeed in all reading, you ought to make it a point that what you do read should be the best of its kind. At all events read first the best novels, and even when the series is ended, it would be better to begin again than to fritter away time over the works of third-rate and fourth-rate writers. And do not think that a good novel is not worth being read more than once. In a first reading the attention is apt to be too much absorbed by the interest of the story. There are beauties and niceties of character which are not discernible then, but which will strike us when we read the book a second time. For my own part, I confess I have read many novels two and even three times, and each time with new pleasure. It is hardly necessary for me to tell you who are the best writers—their names and, I am sure, their works are familiar to you all. You can never make a mistake among the novels of Scott, or Dickens or Thackeray. You can hardly make a mistake among the works of Anthony Trollope, but I would specially recommend "Doctor Thorne," "Orley Farm," "Framley Parsonage," and "Can You Forgive Her." I cannot pretend to guide you to the novels best worth reading of other writers, but you will, perhaps, allow me to mention a few of those which are special favourites with myself, and from the reading of everyone of which you cannot fail to bring away something worth remembering. The "Sybil," the "Coningsby," and the "Venetia" of Disraeli; the "Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," and "The Daisy Chain," by Miss Yonge; "The Brave Lady," by the authoress of "John Halifax," "Harold," "The Last of the Barons," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," by Lord Lytton; "The Robber," "Philip Augustus," and "Mary of Burgundy," by James; "Alton Locke," and "Two Years Ago," by Charles Kingsley; "Geoffrey Hamlyn," by Henry Kingsley; "The Miser's Daughter," by Harrison Ainsworth; "Broken to Harness," "Kissing the Rod," and the "Forlorn Hope," by Mr. Edmund Yates; "Mary Barton," by Mrs. Gaskell; "The Gordian Knot," and "The Silver Cord," by Mr. Shirley Brooks; "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Tom Brown at Oxford" by Mr. Hughes; "Grif" and "Linder's Hurst," by Mr. Farjeon; "The Princess of Thule," and "The Maid of Iker," by Mr. William Black; the "Mill on the Floss," and "Middlemarch," by George Eliot; and what is, perhaps, the very finest novel in the language—the "Romola" of the same writer. And if you read novels at all, do not fail to make yourselves acquainted with the novels of our own countrymen. In the "Collegians," "The Rivals," and "The Duke of Monmouth," of Gerald Griffin; "Fardorougha, the Miser," by Carleton; "Crohoore of the Billhook," "The Nowlans," and "Father Connell," by the Brothers Banim; in "The Tenants of Malory," by Lefanu; and in the "O'Donoghue," the "Knight of Gwynne," the "Martins of Cro' Martin," and "Sir

Brooke Fosbrooke," by Lever, you will find novels which may fearlessly challenge comparison with any novels in the language, and of which the literature of any country might be justly proud.

My remarks upon modern novels would be very incomplete if I did not make some reference to those to which the name of "sensation novels" has been given. It is not easy to give an explanation of what is meant by critics, when they use the term "sensational." As well as I understand the phrase, it means, when applied to incidents—something lying outside the common boundaries of everyday experience; something which startles the mind by its strangeness or by its horror, or seeks to affect it by a novelty of combination, or a marvel of coincidence seldom or never met with in real life. As applied to character, it means abnormal combinations of intellectual and moral qualities; crimes and virtues, manifesting themselves in natures where they were least expected, and under circumstances, to all appearance, the least favourable to their growth. Thus, for example, although *David Copperfield* is by no means a "sensation novel," that incident in *David Copperfield* is "sensational," where Ham is beaten to death by a great wave, in his vain effort to save from the sinking vessel "the active figure with the curling hair," and where a few moments afterwards the old fisherman leads *Copperfield* to the shore to find, amid the fragments of the old boat blown down by the storm, among the ruins of the home he had wronged, the dead body of *Steerforth*, lying with his head upon his arm, as he had often seen him lie at school. So "*Tricotrin*" the hero of one of *Ouida's* novels, who, with the intellect of an *Aquinas*, the learning of a *Mezzofanti*, and the beauty of an *Apollo*, spends the greater part of his life wandering among the peasantry of the *Loire*, in company with an *Elzevir Horace*, a *Straduarus fiddle*, and a black monkey is a decidedly "sensational" character. Again, when *Lady Audley*, after having thrust her first husband into the well, comes gaily into her drawing-room, and with the marks of his drowning fingers still discolouring her dainty wrist, sits down to play a sonata of *Beethoven* for her second husband's pleasure; or when, after having set fire to the little inn at *Mount Stanning*, she hurries with *Phoebe Marks* along the lonely country road, with the black night above her, and the fierce wind howling round, till the red light in the sky tells her that her wicked purpose has been wrought, the character and the incidents are alike sensational. Now, a "sensational" novel is one which depends for its interest mainly upon sensational characters or upon sensational incidents. "*Foul Play*," by *Mr. Charles Reade*; "*Jane Eyre*," by *Charlotte Brontë*; "*The Dead Secret*," "*The Woman in White*," and the "*No Name*" of *Mr. Wilkie Collins*, are examples of this class. But the representative author of the "sensation" school is undoubtedly *Miss Braddon*. The term was, I may say, invented for the purpose of describing her works, and some of them, such as "*Aurora Floyd*,"

"Lady Audley's Secret," "Henry Dunbar," and "The Trail of the Serpent," well deserve the term. From novels of this class you will never get anything more than amusement. There is a vast amount of cleverness in them, but there is no real thought, and there is seldom any analysis of character that is worth the name. There is too great a tendency in them all to dally with forbidden themes, and they are apt to produce an impression that men and women may stand in security on slippery inclines, and go to the very edge of a precipice without falling over. The interest they excite is, to quote De Quincey's words, in the passage already referred to, "the interest of a momentary curiosity destined for ever to vanish in a sense of satiation, and the interest of a momentary suspense, that having once collapsed can never be rekindled." They are, no doubt, very pleasant and readable. They may beguile a tedious winter evening or an idle summer's day, but after all, the reading of them is very like a waste of time, and I never can get rid of the feeling that I ought to be ashamed of myself as I get to the end of the third volume. But while I thus speak slightly of Miss Braddon, I cannot withhold from her a word of affectionate respect. In the "Ladies' Mile" she has given a portrait of a practising barrister the most perfect and lifelike that fiction has yet produced. Lawyers, as a rule, have fared rather badly at the hands of novelists. Dickens has been especially hard upon us. Sergeant Buzfuz and Mr. Phunky are—what they were to some extent intended to be—caricatures. Bar, in "Little Dorrit," who takes to Mr. Merdle's dinner-party his double eye-glass and his little jury droop, and wins his promotion by a happy appreciation of Lord Barnacle's solitary joke about the pears, is very amusing, but is certainly unfairly coloured. The clever, drunken, disreputable, and briefless barrister named Carton, who plays so generous a part in "The Tale of Two Cities," is, I venture to hope, for the sake of the name, not a faithful portrait. Mr. Trollope has dealt much with law and lawyers in "Orley Farm." Judge Stavely is indeed a very favourable specimen, but Mr. Chaffanbras does not represent a very high ideal, and Mr. Furnival, although well and powerfully drawn, is presented in his professional character almost solely as he was affected by the case of Lady Mason. We have fared better with Lever. I would instance particularly the character of Witherington in "Barrington," and Valentine Repton in "The Martins of Cro' Martin,"—a sketch, if I mistake not, made to a great extent from life, and of which the original was some time ago a distinguished member of the north-east circuit. But Laurence O'Boynerville, for whom there was no question within the regions of heaven and earth too mighty for his audacity, or too small for his powers of argument, is a perfect portrait. Any one acquainted with the daily routine of a barrister's life will recognise its marvellous fidelity, as we learn how he would come home tired with his day's

work, and sit down to his dinner with the dust of the law courts in his hair, and the dreariness of the law in his brain; then, too tired to go from one room to another, would read the papers for a quarter of an hour and sleep peacefully until nine o'clock on the great red morocco sofa, and then having refreshed himself with several cups of tea, would retire to his study, and never leave it till the smallest of the small hours. Who at breakfast or at dinner, while his young wife was talking to him in her brightest and most animated manner, would let his mind wander away to his cases of *Giddles v. Giddles*, and *Shavington v. Estremadura Soap Boiling Co. (Limited)*, and who would fain have brought his red bag with him to Dr. Molyneux's ball, and refreshed himself in some obscure corner with a dip into his great Slate case.

But I feel that the associations connected in my own mind with Mr. O'Boyneville and his profession have led me to wander unduly away from my subject. I feel, too, that it is time I should bring my observations to a close. I have said nothing about the necessity of your avoiding the reading of vicious and immoral works. I felt I was addressing myself to members of the Catholic Union, and that I would be almost insulting you if I asked you to shun, as a moral and intellectual poison, such novels as have given a bad notoriety to the literature of France, and which, I regret to say, are daily disfiguring the modern literature of England. You are, it is true, no longer children, but at any time of life poison is dangerous. But I will put the avoidance of all such novels on no higher ground than Lacordaire did in one of his *Letters to Young Men*: "We must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names—we have not time enough for the rest. We have, consequently, still less time for those writings which are, as it were, the common sewers of the human intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption. Just as a good man shuns the conversation of lost women and dishonourable men, so a Christian ought to avoid reading works which have never done anything but harm to the human race." It would be an intellectual blunder, to say nothing more, to pass by the works of pure and noble writers for the novels of Dumas, and Balzac, and Eugene Sue, and Ouida, and the author of *Guy Livingstone*. From a mere human point of view it would be a stupendous folly to waste time over their vicious trash, and leave unread such books as I have ventured to recommend to you.

" Books both pure and good,
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow."

MUCRUSS ABBEY.

THE Abbey of Irrelagh, more generally known by the appellation of Mucruss, taken from the demesne in which it stands, was founded for Franciscans by MacCarthy More, Prince of Desmond, A.D. 1430.* It is one of many kindred institutions, long since desecrated by the dark fanaticism of the alien spoiler, which attest the piety and munificence of the Irish princes in the fifteenth century. Tradition relates that when the Desmond chief contemplated the foundation of this monastery, the site on which it should be erected was indicated to him in a vision by the name of *Carraig-an-chiuil*, i.e., "Rock of the music." He forthwith despatched several of his retainers to discover what locality within his palatinate was known by that appellation, and the clansmen were returning after fruitless endeavours in the search, when, passing at sunset by *Oirbhealach* (the eastern road or gap), at the extremity of Loch Lein,† they heard the most delightful harmony floating from a rock near the shore of the lake. This occurrence being related to the Desmond prince, he was convinced that the spot thus mysteriously indicated was the destined site for his monastery, and immediately he commenced its erection at *Oirbhealach*.‡

And truly it would be difficult to find a more enchanting solitude, where, far removed from the tumult of that stormy period, the pious monk might commune in peace with Heaven. By the tranquil shore of the romantic Loch Lein, sequestered deep in the bosom of that fairy region, the Eden of our western isle, surrounded by all that is solemn, grand and beautiful in the unrivalled scenery of Killarney, arose the cloisters of Irrelagh, the consecrated home of the children of St. Francis.

The princely founder did not survive to behold the completion

* "Nothing can be more certain," writes Dr. O'Donovan, in his note on the entry in the Annals which records the foundation of this monastery, "than that both Ware and the Four Masters are wrong in ascribing the foundation of this monastery to Donnell, son of Teige MacCarthy, for he lived a century later, having died in the year 1468. Teige, the father of this Donnell, was, according to tradition, the original founder of this monastery, and this is corroborated by the fact that he is called Tadhg Mainistreach, i.e., Teige of the Monastery, in the pedigrees of the MacCarthys. But the Four Masters have lost sight of all chronology in placing the erection of this monastery under the year 1340, after ascribing it to Donnell, the son of Teige, prince of Desmond, inasmuch as Teige, his father, did not, according to themselves, become king or prince of Desmond till the death of his father in 1391, that is, fifty-one years after its supposed erection by his son, Donnell. The fact seems to be that the foundation of the monastery was laid some years previously to 1440 by Teige Mainistreach (not by Donnell, as Ware has it), and that the work was completed by his son, Donnell, in 1440."

† The Lower Lake of Killarney.

‡ Dr. O'Donovan.

of his pious undertaking, but the erection was carried forward by his son, Donnell, and the monastery finished in 1440. The original structure was repaired, or more correctly rebuilt, in 1626. With the exception of the western doorway, the exquisite eastern window, and the cloisters, the abbey is little remarkable for architectural beauty; but, as Dr. Petrie remarks, "it is highly interesting from its unusually perfect state of preservation. The church consists of a nave and choir, with central belfry of small proportions, pierced by a narrow Gothic archway. On the south of the nave is a small chapel or transept; on the north side, a doorway leads into the cloisters, the most perfect and interesting portion of the structure, forming a spacious quadrangle, encompassed by an arcade consisting of ten semicircular arches on its north and east sides, and twelve pointed ones on the south and west, lighting the surrounding corridor. The pillars and mouldings are of grey marble. Adjacent to the cloisters are the apartments for the accommodation of the community."

In the centre of the choir, beneath the high altar, the remains of the founder, MacCarthy More, were deposited in a tomb which he had chosen for himself and his posterity. Several of the powerful chieftains in the neighbouring country also selected this consecrated enclosure as their last resting-place. Among the latter, the annalists make special mention of O'Sullivan More and O'Donoghoe. At the date 1582, in the Four Masters, we meet the following entry:—"Catherine, the daughter of Teige, son of Donnell, son of Cormac Ladrach MacCarthy, and wife of Maurice of Kerry, died. She passed her last days upon the lake of *Lean Linfhiaclaigh*,* moving from one island to another through fear of the plunderers; and she was interred in the monastery of Airbhealach." A truly suggestive picture of those dark days, when the myrmidons of Elizabeth, swarming in the fair Desmond valleys, gloated, amid blood and ruin, upon the rich spoils of the confiscated lands of the great Geraldine, who had so long bid defiance to her barbarian viceroy.†

In 1589, the sanctuary of Irrelagh was violated by the troopers of Fitzwilliam, then lord-deputy.‡ Several of the pious brethren were butchered by the soldiery, and the remainder chased from the shelter of their beloved monastery. Thirteen years later, in 1602, when, after the disaster of Kinsale, O'Neill retreating to his Ulster fastnesses, heroically prolonged, amid the fast deepening gloom of his country's destiny, the sacred struggle for freedom, and drew off the forces of Mountjoy to the north, while the brave O'Sullivan Beare kept the merciless Carew at bay in Munster, a small

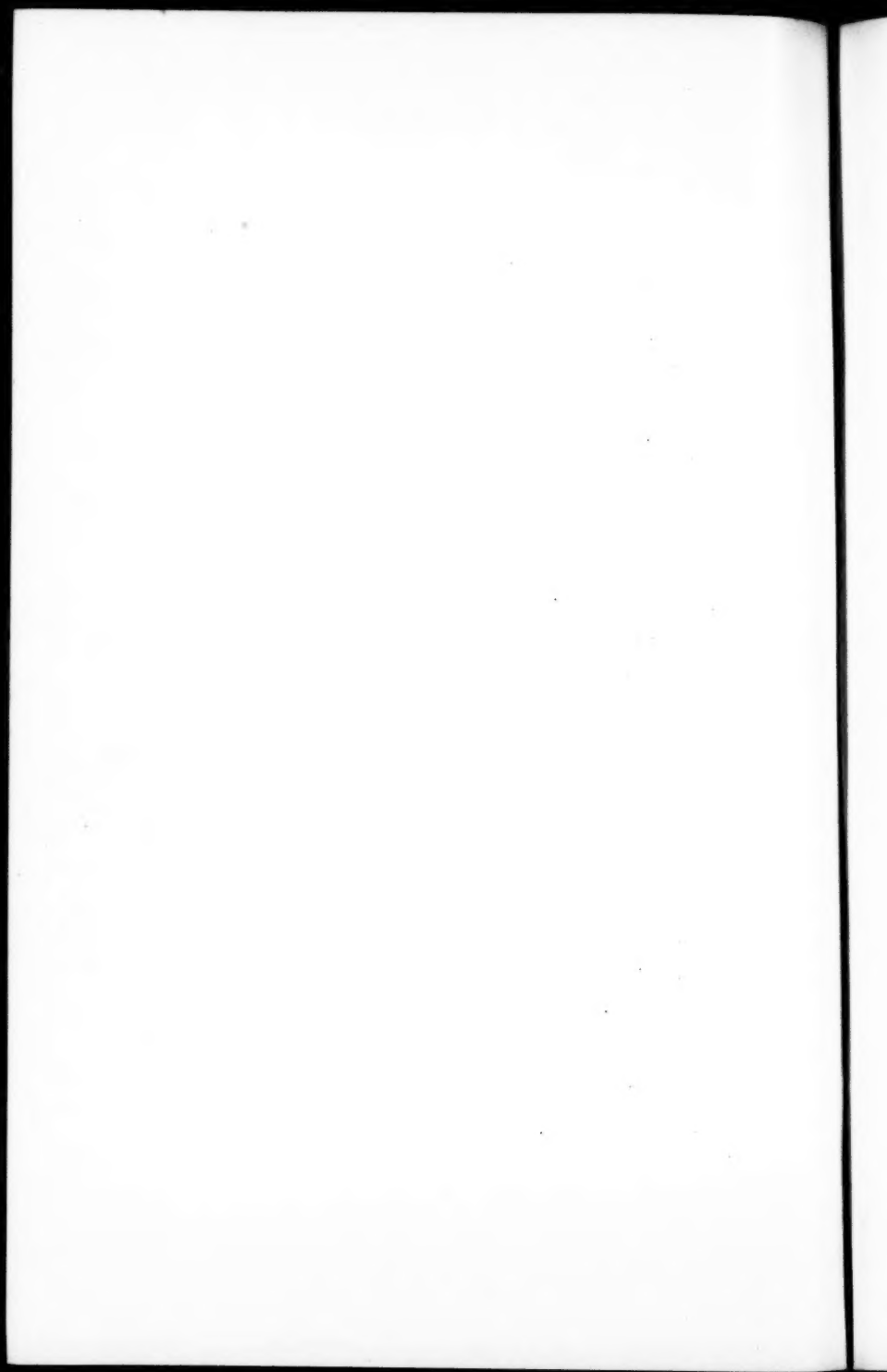
* "This was the name of the Lake of Killarney, which is derived, according to the *Dunnsenchus*, from Lean of the White Teeth, the artificer of Sidh Bugha, who had his forge at this lake."—*Dr. O'Donovan*.

† Lord Grey.

‡ *Irish Franciscan Monasteries*. Rev. C. P. Meehan.



MUCKRUSS ABBEY.



community of friars ventured to return to their ruined convent of Irrelagh. The guardian, Father Holan, set to work to repair the injuries it had received; but he had scarcely succeeded in restoring the venerable structure, when the fierce persecution that commenced after the submission of the great northern chief overtook the brethren at Irrelagh, and they were forced to abandon the monastery. From that time the place has remained desolate. Nature, as if mourning its departed glory, has fondly entwined the consecrated walls of the deserted sanctuary with wreaths of luxuriant ivy, and left the aged oak and yew and stately elm to deepen the shadows around as they sentinel its mouldering shrine. Wandering amid the stillness of its ruined cloisters, the spirit seems to hearken to voices floating across the dark abyss of centuries, echoes that would yet prolong the sacred anthems which once rolled in solemn cadence from its matin choir.

MELEAGER'S SPRING IDYL.*

The winds and rains of winter are no more,
 With birds and buds is come the flowerful Spring;
 And Nature dons her brightest robe of green,
 While cloth'd with tender leaves the young plants rise,
 Drinking the gen'rous dew of early morn.
 Waking his reeds, the herd grows young at heart,
 Seeing his fair white kidlings scour the plain.
 The shepherd decks his crook with wild flowers blue;
 The sailors joyful on the tranquil deep,
 Now set their sheet to catch the zephyr's breath;
 Carolling crowds sing Dionysus' praise,
 For purple harvest in the vintage time,
 With flowering ivy wreaths on their bright hair.

* Meleager, who is supposed to have been born at Gadara, in Palestine, about a century before Christ, was the first compiler of the Greek Anthology. This is perhaps, in the original, the most beautiful of all "the wreath songs." Sir William Jones thought that this Spring idyl possesses all possible graces of description, and that a more beautiful poem could hardly be found. Sainte-Beuve writes:—"Ainsi le printemps de Méléagre n'était pas un idéal dans lequel, comme dans presque tous nos avril et nos mai, l'imagination, éveillée par le renouveau, assemble divers traits épars, les arrange plus ou moins, et les achève . . . l'heureux poète n'a fait que copier la nature."

The golden-bellied bees, with cheerful toil,
 Make glad the air with busy murmurings,
 Building a Babel for their flower-suck'd food
 Of clear, cut wax of all their gathering.
 The halcyon charms, the lapping sea grows still ;
 The amorous birds make music everywhere :
 The chattering swallows in the gabled eaves,
 The soft white swan within the river reeds,
 The nightingale that tops the cypress tree.
 Since all the hedges have grown gay with green,
 And all the fields have caught flower blossoming ;
 And flocks listening graze while goatherds pipe,
 And sailors sail, and Bacchus dances round—
 Sing, Poet, then, in praise of Spring that's here !

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

Moore Hall.

THE PICTURESQUE IN ART.

OUR observations may be said to be of two kinds. An abstract observation is one by which you recognise the relations between phenomena or discover the cause of what you see : a concrete observation is one by which you reflect a picture or image of what you see ; and these refer alike to the internal and external universe. What we understand generally by the Picturesque is any arrangement of natural objects which produce a pleasing picture. A flat or a mountainous country have each its picturesqueness, different soever as the details which produce such effects may be. Tennyson has extracted picturesque impression from the fens and moors of Lincolnshire—as in Mariana in the “ Moated Grange,” and elsewhere—a district quite prosaic when compared with some of those in our island, where physical nature, after elsewhere moulding mountain, valley and bay into many a lovely picture, has concentrated all her poetic beauties in those regions of the south, where—

“ The rich palace spires of Killarney
 Bend over the arbutus brakes,
 And mirror their purples at sunset
 Along the sweet dream-land of lakes.”

In short, any scene which is painted by an artist employing colours or words, when alive to a sense of its peculiar beauty, may be rendered picturesque. Graphic delineation roughly represents the striking characteristics of natural scenery, or of an

individual or situation ; while in all picturesque representations, the element of beauty of some sort must enter, and thus render it poetic.

Let us first adduce a few examples of the "Picturesque" in Literary Art—of picturesque expression, of lines which paint a picture to the eye or ear—before proceeding to its illustrations in the pictorial domain. The prose writer describes ; produces his effects by detail : the poet paints. Any composition which makes us see and feel what is represented, which is more or less ideal, and infused with the spirit of beauty and with passion, is poetic. Add to these qualities rhythm and the music of verse, and we have—Poetry. By the use of an image or metaphor, an expression, even a single associative word, the poetic artist frequently creates an effect which no elaboration of detail could produce. Ovid abounds in picturesque expressions of a peculiar sort. Thus, describing Ixion tied to a revolving wheel, he says :—

"Volvitur Ixion, et se sequiturque, fugitque ;"

or, of Somnus rousing himself :—

"Excussit tandem sibi se."

These expressions verge on what the Italians call "concetti," of which there are so many in their own poets.

On the other hand, when Shakspeare says :—

"See how the moonlight *sleeps* upon the bank,"

we have a picturesque expression. The single word, "sleeps," paints the quietude of the moonlit scene.

The chief literary peculiarity of Dante's poetry is the narrow but intense way in which he idealizes reality—common objects ; unlike Shakspeare, who says, "the truest poetry is the most feigning," *i.e.*, imaginative. Dante's poem is a vision of the unseen worlds, terrible, tearful and beautiful, and he seeks to render its scenes visually realistic by simple and plain illustrations, derived from the common objects of daily experience. The use of comparison is to aid comprehension, and Dante is highly graphic in this way ; but with a few exceptions, such as the simile of the sheep in the *Purgatorio*, Canto III., and his lovely reference to the swallow in the description of morning, Canto IX. :—

"Nell' ora che comincia i tristi lai
La rondinella presso alla mattina,
Forse a memoria de suoi primi guai."

his illustrations are not poetic in the highest sense. On the other hand, Milton exalts the scenes or objects he depicts by his illustrations. He selects the vastest and most sublime objects, and surrounds them with imaginative associations, in order to

elevate his descriptions. In the picturesque sublime he is supreme: and though for concentrated diction the third canto of the "Inferno" is unsurpassed, the sustained majestic harmonies, measures and cadences of Milton's blank verse have, perhaps, no equal in any literature. The two first books of the "Paradise Lost" contain incomparable examples of the picturesque sublime. The scene which brings before our "soul's imaginary sight" the fallen angels, confounded, though immortal, overwhelmed by storms and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire rolling on the burning lake—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
Of Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, embower,"

is one of highest power; the illustration is associated with a recollection of the poet's wanderings when a youth, during his visit to Italy, among the venerable woods of Tuscany. Then there is the encounter of Satan and Death, and the succeeding scenes: that in which Satan is surprised by Michael, and many others. There is nothing in Homer or the poets of chivalry to equal the imagination and diction of these passages. Passing from Milton to Tennyson, we have in the latter very many instances of the idyllic picturesque. His studies of natural scenery, shadowy or bright, have been reflected with the highest truth of effect, and in the most poetic language. Mariana in the "Moated Grange" is a perfection of what painters call "tone;" all the details are in sombre harmony with the desolate scene, where—

"For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding grey,"

where—

"Cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely Moated Grange."

The "Palace of Art" and "Dream of Fair Women" are each a series of pictures, many of which present examples of picturesque delineation; as do also the "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses," and many of the verses in the "In Memoriam"—perhaps the most perfect of his compositions, and that whose popularity will, from its theme, be most permanent.

In Irwin's poetry there are also numerous instances of picturesque description of scenery, situations, and scenes, painted in picturesque language. Thus, when describing an old barge drawn by its slow horses along the bank of the river of a summer day, he says:—

"Now, where the weary horses pause
Beside the hedge of crimsoned haws,
The mirroring water-lights wave and gleam
In dappling patches over their backs;
The boat-rope whips, and dripping slacks,
In lisping splashes, into the stream."

The last lines paint this every-day scene to the eye and ear.
Or describing a wild, confused and magnificent desert sunset:—

"The sunset spread—a desert of strange shapes:
Like lions some, with fronts of waving fire,
Stood in the yawn of mighty caverned clouds;
While some like leopards, spotted fierce with storm,
Lay stretched along the blaze, and pawed the air!"

Or again, in a passage depicting the naval power of Great Britain:—

"Her argosies, with world-wealth laden deep,
Coast the far bays, formed by the glow of spring
In the green ice crust of the topmost pole;
Battling the blinding snow-drifts of the north,
Or, heaving heavily on sultry sails,
Around the burning sun-belt of the earth."

In this writer's verses, which abound with colour, there are many examples of both the natural and conventional picturesque—*vide*, as regards the latter, for choice word-painting, "A Group in Queen Anne's Reign," "A Visit to a Bride;" for the former, "Effe," "The Shuire," and other poems in his lately published "Songs and Romances."

The first beauty of any class of composition arises from the choice of its subject; then its representation. After the situations, fancies and sentiments, those portions of a poem which the mind selects as most poetic, are the "Picturesque" passages and lines. We dwell on those which bring the subject or object before us once and for ever, in the most imaginative and choicest diction. As an instance of rhythmical modulation with appropriate pauses, which satisfy ear and eye, both as a musical and objective picture, nothing can surpass Milton's description of Sin opening the gates of Pandemonium:—

"Now in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron and solid rock, with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that to the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus."

Dr. Johnson said the most musical line in Virgil was that in the first eclogue :—

“ *Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.*”

But there are others not less so ; and for the harmonious recurrence of aspirates and syllabates, a fine instance is found in the description of the rising storm in the first Georgic—when the friths begin to swell, the dry crashing of the trees is heard on the mountains :—

“ *Aut resonantia longe
Litora misceri, et nemorum increbrescere murmur ;*”

which may be compared with the Italian storm in Dante, where—

“ *Le polveroso va superbo
Et fa fugi la fieri et le pastori.*”

Lines picturesque and sonorous are also scattered through Catullus, such as those describing the Bacchic rout in the green forest, and the sound of the tambourines on the distant air.

“ *Plangebant aliæ proceris tympana palmis
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus aere ciebant.*”

In the verbal painting of sensuous beauty Keats, however, excels Milton ; his richest passages of this sort realizing his own conceptions of poetry, namely, that it should surprise by fine excess. In his most perfect poem, “The Eve of St. Agnes,” the objective painting has hardly ever been equalled in the entire domain of the Muse, and most similar depictions by the Italian writers seem prosaic in comparison to those which paint Madeline retiring to rest ; the coloured casement with its imagery ; the chamber where the moonlight sheds its hallow : nor is a more lovely image to be found anywhere than that which illustrates the maiden in her soft and chilly nest, sinking into repose ; when at length :—

“ *The popped warmth of sleep oppressed
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
Flown like a thought until the morrow day ;
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray,
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.*”

The collection of exquisite things which Porphyro disposes for a feast, the fruits, the

“ *Jellies, smoother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon,*”

are among the many examples of picturesque word-painting in this poem, in which also is the fine line describing the distant harmonies :—

“ *The music yearning like a god in pain.*”

The choice of associative words in painting an object or image frequently electrifies a description, producing by a single touch, an effect finer than any which could be realized by elaborate detail. Thus, in a recent paraphrase of the "Peleus and Thetis" of Catullus, referring to the sisters of Phæton, whom the gods, in consideration for their anguish at his death, transformed into poplar trees, we find :—

"And poplars, sisters of fallen Phæton,
Quivering innumerate *inconsolable* leaves."

One of Tennyson's finest picturesque images is the description of the long wave breaking on the solitary shore :—

"As the crest of some slow, arching wave,
Heard in dead night along the table shores,
Drops flat ; and after the great waters break,
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing."

In D'Arcy M'Gee's "Celts' Salutation" there is a fine line—the second—referring to the adventurous ubiquity of the race :—

"Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless north experimental sails,
One in name and in fame are the sea-divided Gaels."

Whenever a selection of the objects which form a scene, or of emotions which realize a situation are so painted in words as to make them visual or emotive pictures to the mind, we recognise the picturesque in literary art. Sometimes, as we have said, a single word happily chosen for its representative truth or associations, vivifies a description. Picturesqueness has many phases : sometimes it is connected with the rhythmical form of the poetic phrase or sentence. Thus, some of the Greek epigrams have a simple, graceful nobleness of outline, resembling the straight profile and majestic ease of the faces of the gods. To the readers of ancient, modern, and current poetry, many such passages realizing the *visibile parlare* of Dante will occur. The painting which renders situation, scenery, scene or image alive and picturesque, is not confined to poetry or painting. It also enters into musical composition ; and while no music perhaps appeals so strongly to the affections as some of the Irish melodies, and while the best Italian translates southern feeling into sound, some of the German is more intellectual, ideal and picturesque than any. In all arts picturesqueness depends on form, arrangement and colour : the first depending on sight and intelligence, the latter on sensibility ; and while in music the melody is the form, the harmony is the colour.

N. W.

GUIDING STARS.

*An unpublished Poem by the late Ellen Downing, Author of
"Voices from the Heart."*

Say not they were Saints, and so
Ran along the ways of God,
Never heeding if, or no,
Storms o'ertook them as they trod.
Say not they were Saints, and thus,
Led by secret unctions on,
Are no models fit for us,
Stumbling as we creep along.

Brethren, they were Saints because
They bore the pain, and felt it too,
For the sake of keeping laws
Made as well for me and you.
They were Saints by proper use
Of the reason God has given,
Counting it as gain to lose
Earth whene'er it clashed with Heaven.

Saints had deadlier fight than we ;
Hell pursued with fiercer ire :
Satan does not leave those free
Who still mock his foul desire.
Saints were saved by lengthened prayer ;
Knees bent trembling on the sod ;
Feet that fled at every snare ;
Heart-cries piercing up to God.

Saints are they who know their task,
Hold their ground by fighting firm ;
Strength for life's long warfare ask,
And await its destined term.
When the tempter seeks your door,
Use the grace which God has given ;
If 'tis scanty, ask for more—
You'll be saints yourselves in Heaven.
